

THE HUNTER

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and

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

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FADE IN:

- 1 EXT. BLACK NEIGHBORHOOD - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY 1
- The black section of an unimportant city. It could be Wilmington, Delaware or Bakersfield, California, but it doesn't matter. These areas all look the same. So do the people. Poor people, with no money. No work. But there is life here, and laughter. The streets teem with everything from unemployed men hanging out on the corner to hookers on duty already, to kids playing on improvised skateboards.
- 2 EXT. BLACK NEIGHBORHOOD - TRAVELING SHOT 2
- COMING DOWN SLOWLY. A Bar-B-Q joint, been closed for a year. There's a barber shop. Beauty salon. A clothing store. Cheap furniture. Pawn shop. Pool hall, but that ain't open till noon. A store for rent. A liquor store. A Bar & Grill.
- 3 EXT. BLACK NEIGHBORHOOD 3
- The dusty black beat is suddenly pierced by the most bizarre SOUND imaginable -- the thundering STRAINS OF Strauss' ROSENKAVALIER. ANGLE WIDENS to SHOW a yellow Chevrolet convertible jolting along the street. The MUSIC POUNDS away from a TAPE DECK inside.
- 4 EXT. LIQUOR STORE 4
- The yellow Chevrolet convertible moves down the street. Stops. Pulls into a parking space by the liquor store. Hits the curb. Pulls out and tries again. Hits the Cadillac. Bounces forward, then backs up and hits the Cadillac again.
- 5 EXT. LIQUOR STORE 5
- Black MAN watches his car get bumped around.
- MAN
- God damn!
- He gets off his RC Cola case and leaves the card game in the liquor store parking lot.
- 6 EXT. LIQUOR STORE 6
- PAPA THORSON's got the Chevy angled now.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

It's sticking out, but close enough. Papa gets out as black Man comes over.

MAN

What the fuck you tryin' to do, fool?

PAPA

Park.

MAN

Park on the street, not my car!

Papa smiles at him. The smile of a little boy on Christmas morning. It totally disarms the black Man. Papa walks down the street through the vital, throbbing crowd of blacks. Some look at him, most go about what they're doing - ignoring him until Papa reaches the Alcove Inn.

7

INT. THE ALCOVE INN - EXTREME CLOSEUP ON TOP OF PIN-BALL MACHINE

As the spring-loaded hammer slams into the chrome ball propelling it like a rocket causing it to tease, threatening to fall in the high number holes -- but does not settle until it drops in a lower one.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL two pinball machines that are being overworked by two intense, young black men. One has played his last game. CAMERA PULLS BACK FURTHER to REVEAL the entire room as the man exits through the front door.

The Alcove Inn is a "cut and shoot" type bar, with plenty of big tall tales being told, enhanced further by loud talking, laughing and thick smoke that knifes through the alcohol stench. A middle-age couple habitually sits at their table in the center of the room, observing all, this is their social life -- every day. A well-dressed PIMP leans at one end of the bar. Four blacks -- GARBAGEMEN -- are at the other end, loud talking in angry tones.

A HUSTLER emerges from back room through door behind Pimp.

7A

TWO SHOT - HUSTLER AND PIMP

7A

as Hustler reaches him.

(CONTINUED)

HUSTLER

Hey Bigtime, I'm down to my very last sweepstakes tickets, interested?

PIMP

Hell yeah. I might take 'em all.

The Hustler pulls out a telephone fat book of tickets. The Pimp chokes.

The Pimp pulls two tens from his "flash-roll" and grandly gestures "keep the change." The Hustler tips his hat and moves center bar. CAMERA ADJUSTS TO INCLUDE the attractive WOMAN BARTENDER, whose face reveals the stress and strain of dealing with it all.

The Bartender's attention is drawn to a vociferous Garbageman (TROTTER) as he bitterly shouts:

TROTTER (O.S.)

I'm gone kick the Cracker's ass!!

7B

NEW ANGLE - FEATURING GARBAGEMEN

7B

TROTTER

The muthafucka didn't have to fire me.

GARBAGEMAN #1

Don't worry, Trotter. Go before the Labor Board. You'll win.

The Bartender has moved to them with four beers.

BARTENDER

On the house, gentlemen. Cool you down some.

They thank her and gulp them down. Trotter puts his empty glass on the bar eviler then ever.

TROTTER

I'm gone beat the dogshit outta the next hunkie I see.

8

PAPA ENTERS

8

All the Blacks glare at him. He moves to the bar and sits.

PAPA
(that smile)
Morning.

BARTENDER
... Somethin' you want?

TROTTER
Ask to kick a Paddy's
ass and the Lord
answers.

PAPA
Beer, please.

GARBAGEMAN #3
Be cool, man.

The woman studies Papa, then reaches for a beer. Papa looks at the four men staring at him.

PAPA
Hot out.

No answer. The Bartender puts a bottle of Schlitz in front of Papa.

BARTENDER
Sixty-five cents, please.

Papa gives her a dollar.

BARTENDER
Anything else?

PAPA
Yeah...

A long swallow of beer. When he comes up his eyes and his voice are frosty.

PAPA
Tell Tommy Price I'm here.

x

BARTENDER
What?

PAPA
Tommy Price.

BARTENDER
(beat)
Don't know him.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

PAPA

Funny. I was told this was
where he'd be.

BARTENDER

(studying him)

You a cop?

PAPA

Do I look like a cop?

BARTENDER

Well, either way, I never heard
of this -- what was it? -- Bobby
Price.

PAPA

Tommy.

BARTENDER

(to others)

Anybody know him? He ever come
in here?

PIMP

None of your fuckin' business, man.

TROTTER

You callin' the sister a liar,
hunkie?

PAPA

No.

GARBAGEMAN #2

You better haul ass, sucker...
straight outta town.

9

THREE OF THE FOUR

9

start toward him. Papa casually takes .45 out of
pocket and lays it on bar. The approaching men stop.
Trotter smiles and asks his crony:

TROTTER

You got the number for the Labor
Board?

They move back to their space and ignore the white man.

PAPA

Please tell Tommy I'm here.

CUT TO:

*

10 OMITTED 10

11 INT. BACK ROOM 11

TOMMY PRICE is a good-looking kid in early twenties. He sits among the wires of the jukebox he is "repairing." Open-heart surgery. The room is flanked with shelves full of electronic equipment.

TOMMY

It's gettin' there, Annie.

BARTENDER

Make tracks, kiddo.

TOMMY

Your IF stage. Don't worry, I got it.

BARTENDER

Tommy... there's a cracker out front with a .45...

12 TOMMY 12

stands, straightens his tie.

TOMMY

A cop?

BARTENDER

I don't think so.

TOMMY

Who is he?

BARTENDER

You want me to go back out and get his driver's license?

He kisses her, squeezes her immense breasts.

TOMMY

Take care of yourself.

13 OMITTED 13

14 EXT. ALLEY OF ALCOVE INN 14

Tommy drops to the ground. He remains crouched for a moment. Then... with great stealth... he creeps to the corner of the building. Slowly... he peers around the corner. He sees:

15 EXT. FRONT OF ALCOVE INN - CLOSE - .45 AUTOMATIC 15

The muzzle gently kisses his forehead. A thumb cocks the hammer with a resounding click. Tommy freezes.

PAPA

Tommy Price? My name's Ralph Thorson. My friends call me Papa. You can call me Mr. Thorson. You won't complain if I put this gun away?

TOMMY

Frankly, Mr. Thorson, I'd be tickled pink.

16 PAPA 16

puts the gun back in his belt. He starts to frisk Tommy, nothing.

PAPA

You're not going to run, are you? It's too damn hot to chase you... and I don't want to shoot anybody. We understand each other?

TOMMY

(belligerent)

What do you want me for?

PAPA

You did jump bail on the fourteenth?

TOMMY

Well... kinda.

PAPA

Well, I 'kinda'... have to return you to Los Angeles.

17 EXT. LIQUOR STORE 17

Papa walks Tommy from the alley past The Alcove towards the Chevy. A small crowd watches them get in the car. Papa backs up, into the Cadillac.

TOMMY

This's gotta be illegal.

Papa works hard on getting out of his parking place, banging the Cadillac behind him repeatedly.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

Jesus H. Christ.

PAPA

You insured?

MAN

If I wasn't, you'd be dead.

17A INT. CAR

17A

Papa wrenches the steering, gets out with only a scrape. They're off. Papa punches in a TAPE of "MADAME BUTTERFLY." Tommy yells to be heard.

TOMMY

I know a kidnapping when I see one
... and I'm seeing one right now...
because I'm being kidnapped.

Papa hands Tommy a tattered printed piece of paper...
taped to a cardboard square.

PAPA

Supreme Court decision... 1872.
Go on, read it.

TOMMY

'When bail is given, the person
putting up said bail may exercise
their rights in person or by agent.
That agent may pursue principal
into another state; may arrest him
on the Sabbath; if necessary may
break and enter his home.'

(he looks up)

That's chickenshit!

PAPA

That's the law.

The MUSIC on the TAPE DECK SPUTTERS... and then STOPS.
Papa pushes some buttons. Nothing happens.

PAPA

Goddamn Jap junk.

TOMMY

Let me see it. I'm very mechanical.

He starts to pry part of it open... with great intensity.

18 EXT. DESERT - LONG SHOT

The yellow Chevy, steaming from under the hood, is blasting along an empty Oklahoma highway. It pulls into an old gas station.

18A
thru
18G

18A
thru
18G

18H EXT. GAS STATION - SMALL TOWN IN OKLAHOMA

The car pulls up to the pumps, straining. Papa jumps out, pops the hood, is enveloped in a cloud of steam.

Inside the car Tommy Price is enveloped in miles of unravelled tape. He is winding one end onto a cassette, however, undaunted. The gas station attendant, chewing gum looks at the two of them and shakes his head.

TOMMY

How'd you find me?

PAPA

Somebody put their house up for collateral for your bail.

TOMMY

Marie?! She turned me in!

Papa gives up on the car for awhile, puts money into the Coke machine.

PAPA

She didn't want to lose her house.

TOMMY

What a ripoff.

- PAPA

Ain't it.

Hands the kid a Coke.

*

*

19
thru
25

OMITTED

19
thru
25

26 EXT. DOWNTOWN HOUSTON - DAY

26

The city looks like it was all built after 1968. The sidewalks are wide and clean. The buildings are all new and glass. The heat bounces off the pavement and slaps you in the face. Women wear light clothing. Men wear a lot of tan and cord suits. Not all of it fits too well.

27 OMITTED

27

28 EXT. HARRIS COUNTY SHERIFF' S DEPARTMENT

28

Papa's car... which looks older than Houston... pulls into the parking lot of the Harris County Sheriff's office. It is a brand new eight-story block of glass... with a penthouse on top. There is a profusion of flags... all hanging limp in the still summer air. As Papa turns down parking aisle, he narrowly misses big new car coming from the other direction.

TOMMY

Watch out! Shee-yit!! Who taught you to drive? Leon Spinks?

Papa finally manages to park car.

TOMMY

Who're you after.

Papa doesn't answer.

TOMMY

I just wanted to know... that's all. Maybe I could help you.

Papa quickly handcuffs Tommy's wrist to the bar in the back.

TOMMY

Hey!

PAPA

Don't go away.

CUT TO:

The desks, the carpet, and the filing cabinets are all that civil service non-color.

There is an island of computer equipment at one end. It is a data bank... used for processing criminal warrants, and bail bonds. Next to this is the Watch Commander's desk. Seated behind it is a large uniformed man with sleepy eyes, and the kind of pudgy features that look like they are melting on his face.

Papa is facing the WATCH COMMANDER.

WATCH COMMANDER

Billy Joe Face?

Papa nods.

WATCH COMMANDER

On what charge?

PAPA

Grand Theft Auto. Jumped bail five weeks ago.

WATCH COMMANDER

You got papers?

PAPA

(taking papers from
his pocket)
Certified copy of the bail bond...

The Watch Commander studies the papers... as if he expects the writing to change at any moment.

WATCH COMMANDER

I think you'd better talk to Sheriff Strong about this.

PAPA

Give me one of your men... and I'll go pick him up. I have his address.

The Watch Commander keeps staring at the papers. Then he looks up at Papa.

WATCH COMMANDER

Wait here a minute.

He gets up and walks across the vast room to a desk. He picks up the telephone... and carries on a silent conversation. Papa watches all this, with a puzzled look.

(CONTINUED)

The Watch Commander returns. He appears more cheerful.

WATCH COMMANDER

He wants to see you.
(slight smile)

Now.

A large corner office. Two of the walls are glass... with a blazing view of downtown Houston. The city government obviously hired an interior design firm to coordinate the furnishings with the sleek architecture of the building. The desk is a teak slab. The chairs are electric blue and chrome. The city government didn't figure on SHERIFF JOHN STRONG when they designed all this. We are talking about a huge man... with sun reddened, cracked skin, like baked clay... a shock of white hair combed straight back... a flowing white handlebar moustache... giant gnarled hands... and a pair of eyes that can bore through metal.

Sheriff Strong has tried vainly to fight the city of Houston's grand plan... by cluttering the office with stuffed deer heads on the walls... antelope horns... a cuspidor... Texas Ranger mementos... and rearing silver horse paperweight.

However, don't sell Houston short. No matter how hard you try... you can't clutter that office. The view is too immense... the room is too stark... the buildings outside are too sleek. Governments always design offices so that the occupants can be changed every election without leaving a trace. Right now the score is: Houston 5... Strong 2.

Sheriff Strong gazes out the window... with his back to the door. There is a KNOCK.

STRONG

Come.

The door opens and Papa enters. Strong continues staring at the sun bleached skyline... his back to Papa.

The Sheriff makes no move to get up. He remains seated in his chair. Papa clears his throat.

STRONG

I know you're there, Mr. Thorson.
Be with you.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONITNUED:

30

After a pause, Strong swivels in his chair and rises. Papa is surprised by his enormous size. Papa reaches out and shakes his hand.

STRONG

Heard about you, Mr. Thorson. All bad.

With this Strong rears back and lets out a belly laugh that carries all the way down the hall.

STRONG

They tell you I have a glass eye?

PAPA

No.

STRONG

It's the one with the gleam of intelligence.

(he taps his
right temple)

This one.

He laughs.

STRONG

Look at the two of us. An old sheriff... and a bounty hunter... in this pile of modern shit. We were born a century too late Mr. Thorson... that's our problem.

PAPA

Still the same. Good guys and bad guys.

STRONG

Maybe.

(pause)

They call you Papa. You got a lot of kids?

PAPA

Haven't got any.

STRONG

Funny nickname.

PAPA

I suppose.

STRONG

Now, what can I do for you, Mr. Thorson?

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

PAPA
(hands envelope to
Strong)

I'm here to take Billy Joe Face
back to Los Angeles.

STRONG

So I hear.

He opens envelope. Sifts through papers. Hands them
back.

STRONG

My recommendation to you, Mr.
Thorson is, git out of town.

PAPA

(not quite sure he
heard correctly)
I want to... by night fall...

STRONG

I don't think you understand me,
Mr. Thorson. I want you out now.

PAPA

Now?

STRONG

And without this Billy Joe.

PAPA

I can't do that Sheriff. I've
come a long way.

STRONG

I appreciate that.

PAPA

Well, I'm going after him,
whether you help me or not.

STRONG

Oh no you ain't.

PAPA

Oh yes I am.

STRONG

Don't argue with me, Mr. Thorson.

PAPA

Listen, I drove fifteen hundred
miles. I'm not going home without
him.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

Strong reaches into a desk drawer and pulls out an old Colt .45 hogleg. Cocks it and aims it in the general vicinity of Papa's groin.

STRONG

Goodbye, Mr. Thorson.

Papa looks at Strong, then down at the Colt and back to Strong. Takes a deep breath.

PAPA

Goodbye, Sheriff.

He turns and leaves the room.

31 INT. SHERIFF'S CONTROL CENTER 31

Papa can't believe what's just happened to him. He stops dead, wheels around, and marches back to Strong's office. He yanks open the door.

32 INT. SHERIFF STRONG'S OFFICE - NEW ANGLE 32

Strong stands there. Expecting him. The gun still in his hand.

STRONG

Because he's my nephew, Mr. Thorson.

Papa doesn't say anything. Closes the door. Gently.

33 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD _ DAY 33

Papa drives the car slowly on a dirt road:

TOMMY

You're really greedy... you know that? You already got one guy... you have to go for a bonus?

Papa turns around and looks at Tommy. The look on Papa's face is unmistakable... even to Tommy... who gulps.

34 POV - SHACK 34

At the end of the narrow turn-off... we can SEE an old wooden house. The paint is terribly peeled. Two of the windows are broken.

35 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD 35

Papa stops the car... and turns off the ignition... and removes the keys. Handcuffs Tommy to steering post again.

36 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - TRUNK 36

He soundlessly gets out of the car... and slips around to the trunk. He cautiously opens the lid.

Inside... we SEE an arsenal. Two riot guns, a .45, a .38-caliber Police Special, a collection of mace canister, handcuffs, and what is called a Prowler Fouler stun gun... a long black cylinder that shoots bean bags filled with buckshot.

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

Papa removes the mace and the Foulter... and locks the trunk. He puts the mace in his pocket.

TOMMY

What the hell's that?

Papa inserts a nitrogen cylinder in the chamber.

TOMMY

What does it do?

Papa stuffs a bean bag down the muzzle.

TOMMY

What do I do?

He cocks the bolt action spring.

PAPA

Just sit here, quietly --

Tommy gulps. Papa moves away from the car... keeping low... and zigzagging through the bramble and clutter. The backside of a souped-up car protrudes high in the air. Papa makes his way to the car... and feels the hood. It is cold. Papa looks towards the house.

37

EXT. SHACK - AT WINDOW

37

Papa reaches the building. He is on his hands and knees... crawling under the window. There is a strange CLICKING SOUND coming from the room. It GROWS LOUDER, THEN FAINT.

Papa makes his way to the next window. There is also the SOUND OF MOANING... rhythmical, steady moaning.

Papa slowly and carefully lifts his head up... like a periscope... until his eyes are barely over the window sill.

38

INT. BEDROOM

38

Inside he sees the enormous ass of a man, pumping up and down... Somewhere underneath him is a girl.

Papa lowers his head from the window.

39

EXT. SHACK

39

Papa moves around the corner of the house.

(CONTINUED)

He cautiously looks through another window. It is the kitchen. It is unoccupied. Papa decides to go in with just mace. He puts stun gun leaning against wall as backup if he needs it.

40 EXT. SHACK

40

Papa gingerly opens kitchen door and goes in.

41 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

41

Papa feels his way through the neglect of the kitchen. Ancient pots are scattered in a filthy sink. Deep, dark chili congeals in a porcelain bowl on the stove ... a wooden serving spoon still mired in the chili. There are skeletal kitchen chairs around a formica table in the center.

42 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

42

There is that CLACKING NOISE again. Papa sees an elaborate set of Lionel trains, chugging along the floor. A brightly colored Rock Island diesel pulls a long line of freight cars through trestles, under the couch... past a tattered chair... over a bridge... and through a miniature town. Papa stares at this scene for a moment ... like a little boy he inadvertently presses the button that activates the train whistle. He turns off the switch -- listens a moment -- then makes his way into the hall.

43 INT. HALLWAY

43

He cannot hear the muffled NOISES of the coupling going on inside the room.

Papa has reached the door. He gets the mace out. He listens. Stark silence. With exaggerated slowness... he places one hand on the door now... while raising the mace with the other. Papa can hear his own heart beating.

The bedroom door EXPLODES outwards... the wrong way... with an ear-shattering ROAR... taking the sash and wall molding along with it. Papa goes flying backwards... the mace flying in the air.

Papa lands hard on the floor. The door lands even harder on Papa -- pinning him. Papa is spread-eagle under the door -- just his hands and feet showing.

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

BILLY JOE FACE... all six feet seven and three hundred pounds of him... trying to get his jeans on... has kicked the door out, with the charge of an enraged bull. The charge has carried him over the door, trampling Papa and knocking the breath out of him.

The momentum has carried Billy Joe into his precious train set, tangling Billy Joe up for a moment in tracks, trains and trestles.

Papa trying to catch his breath sees Billy Joe charge back to him. He's going to stomp Papa. As Billy Joe jumps, Papa just manages to get out from under the door.. Billy Joe comes down on door smashing it to bits.

A SCRAWNY GIRL, five feet tall, no more than eighteen years of age, with matted hair, stands in the bedroom doorway... holding a sheet against her naked body. She shouts in a piercing Texas voice:

GIRL

Git him, Billy Joe! Give it to
him too, real good!

Papa crawls along on hands and knees after mace which he lost. Billy Joe pounces on him again... picks him up... and starts to choke him. Billy Joe's massive hands have locked around Papa's throat... actually lifting him off the ground.

GIRL

Turn him inside out, Billy Joe!

Papa manages to smash the heel of his hand into Billy Joe's nose. Blood gushes down his huge face... dazing him momentarily. Papa follows with a horrific knee to Billy Joe's groin. Billy Joe lets out an elephantine howl and doubles over. Papa rolls and staggers toward kitchen and the stun gun. Billy Joe charges after Papa.

43A INT. KITCHEN

43A

Billy Joe heads off Papa and now it's a fight between Goliath the Giant and a whippoorwill. They just destroy the kitchen. Billy Joe catches Papa with a wild punch sending Papa through the screen door.

43B EXT. KITCHEN

43B

Papa rolls and dives across the hallway floor for the stun gun. Fire is coming out of Billy Joe's eyes... as he starts towards Papa... like a wounded grizzly.

(CONTINUED)

43B CONTINUED:

43B

Papa reaches the gun... whirls... and FIRES it at Billy Joe... who is now looming over him.

The bean bag catches Billy Joe in mid-chest. He doubles over with a gigantic whoosh. He straightens up... blinks a few times... and finally, like a harpooned whale, he crashes backwards against a washing machine which is mashed under his weight.

The Girl is still standing in a drugged stupor in the bedroom doorway... the sheet held against her scrawny chest.

GIRL

Hey... that ain't fair.

Papa is sitting on the floor. He's just barely missed getting killed and shows it. He leans back against the wall... and closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

44 INT. SHERIFF STRONG'S OFFICE

44

behind his desk, his upper torso covered with a candy-striped sheet. A barber is at his side, snipping delicately at the handlebar moustache.

The INTERCOM BUZZES. Strong flicks out a hand.

STRONG

Yeah?

SECRETARY'S VOICE

A Mr. Thorson is calling.

STRONG

Damn well better be long distance.
(picks up phone)

Hello?

45 EXT. GAS STATION PHONE BOOTH - DAY

45

Small town - just across Texas border in New Mexico. Papa is on the phone. Through the phone booth glass we SEE back end of Chevy tilted at an almost 45° angle. We know which side of the car Billy Joe's sitting on. INTERCUT conversation.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

PAPA
Me again, Sheriff. Just wanted
you to know I took your advice and
got out of town.

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED:

45

STRONG

Well good for you, Mr. Thorson.
I kinda figured you would.

PAPA

Just one thing. I took your
nephew with me. Say hello, Billy
Joe.

He shoves the receiver out door. A big fat hand takes
phone. We hear Billy, but we don't see him.

BILLY (O.S.)

Uncle John?

STRONG

Nephew, seems you're in a little
hot water.

BILLY (O.S.)

Yes, sir, I am.

STRONG

Put Mr. Thorson back on.

The hand reaches out and returns receiver to Papa.

STRONG

You did pretty damn good, Mr.
Thorson. You were doing your
duty. I was protecting my kin.
Next time you're down Houston way
stop in and say hello, why doncha?

PAPA

You bet, Sheriff. 'Bye.

Papa hangs up.

PAPA

Nice man, your uncle.

He gets into the car. They drive off. An incongruous
sight. Skinny Tommy and monster Billy Joe sharing the
back seat. The car tilted heavily in Billy Joe's favor
and Papa, not one of the world's best drivers, all in a
1951 yellow Chevy.

DISSOLVE TO:

46

L.A. FREEWAY - DAWN

46

The sky is a pink orange.

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED:

46

It is still dark enough for headlights to be of some use... and just light enough to make out the silhouette of the Los Angeles skyline... as Papa's car drives towards it. The car is actually listing from the weight of Billy Joe.

46A

PARKER CENTER

46A

They drive into building parking lot.

47

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

47

A very tired Papa walks Billy Joe and Tommy Price down a corridor to the receiving area. The hall is busy.

48

PETE SPOTA

48

Handsome, very well-dressed. Thirty-seven and Captain LAPD. Watch out, Daryl Gates. As Spota rushes down the hall, he and Papa meet. They're old friends.

SPOTA

Hey, gunslinger!

PAPA

Hey, Spota.

SPOTA

You love your work?

(laughs)

Or are you having a sale. Two for the price of one.

PAPA

I get paid per pound.

Laughter. Cops take Billy Joe first, sit Tommy in a seat to one side.

SPOTA

Listen, anytime you want a respectable job --

PAPA

Never could stand in line, Captain.

SPOTA

(smiles)

I know what you mean.

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED:

48

P.A. VOICE
Captain Spota, call 386. Captain
Spota, call 386.

At his name, Spota winces, but recovers immediately,
smiles.

SPOTA
Gotta run. Later.

Papa notices Tommy sitting very alone, very vulnerable,
very afraid. Considers a moment, then writing some-
thing on the back of a grocery store receipt, crosses
to him.

48A TOMMY AND PAPA

48A

Tommy tries to smile as Papa approaches. He radiates
adolescent fear.

PAPA
You been away before?

TOMMY
No, sir.

Papa grabs him, shakes him, hard, rattling his teeth,
pissed at himself for liking the kid, pissed at the
kid, pissed at the system. Then:

PAPA
Tell the judge you got a job with
me. An' don't smart off. There's
my address.

49 INT. MEXICAN BAKERY

49

Back room, by the two ovens. A short, old, Mexican
WOMAN is taking hot, delicious cakes and sweet breads
out with her fingers. Has about two dozen in a bag.
Papa chews a pan dulce and yawns.

WOMAN
Tiene sueno?

PAPA
It's catchin' up with me, Rosa.

He gives her four dollars and takes the bag.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN
Gracias, Papa.

PAPA
Donele.

WOMAN
Adios.

He walks through the front of the store, yawning.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. ECHO PARK

50

The Spanish graffiti on the walls, the low-riders, the small scarred stucco houses tell us we're in the barrio. From up here, we can sense the city waking. Cars move freely on the San Bernardino.

51 EXT. PAPA'S HOUSE

51

Papa's car comes over a hill.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

We FOLLOW it, till it slows, as if wanting to park by a yellow house. No room. There's a purple El Dorado in the driveway. A chocolate 450 SL behind that. On the street, a custom Chevy van, a beat up 67 Caddy convertible, a Dodge pickup truck and a Porsche turbo.

PAPA

God damn parking lot...

52 EXT. PAPA'S HOUSE

52

Papa parks across the street. By a sign: No Parking Tuesday 8-12. Street Cleaning. The ticket will tell him. He gets out of the car, takes a battered leather suitcase from the trunk, slides the bakery sack in his pocket, so as to have an extra hand for keys...

53 EXT. PAPA'S HOUSE - ANOTHER ANGLE

53

Papa labors across the street. Up steps. A large black Labrador retriever is sound asleep on the front step. He looks like tar that has spilled in front of the door. The dog opens his eyes as Papa approaches.

PAPA

Hey, pal... how you doing?

The dog snarls. Papa fishes for his house key.

54 EXT. PAPA'S HOUSE - NEW ANGLE - POV SHOT

We are WATCHING Papa THROUGH the WINDOW of a van... as he opens his front door. In the extreme f.g. a thin hand reaches in the glove compartment and takes out a Three Musketeers candy bar... tears off the wrapper and shoves the contents in a tightly drawn mouth. The mouth is one of a series of independently moving parts of a shallow face. The eyes twitch... the bony nose snuffles... the mouth chews furiously... the entire head bobs in rhythm to unheard music. A shock of long black hair is pulled back into a pony tail. A nicotine stained finger taps on the chipped steering wheel of the Volkswagen van.

55 INT. FOYER

55

Kitchen on the right, soon as you walk in. A sexy blonde WOMAN in disco outfit is pouring coffee. She looks over as:

56

INT. FOYER - PAPA

56

enters.

SEXY

Hi.

PAPA

'Morning.

SEXY

Who are you?

PAPA

I live here.

SEXY

Make yourself at home.

PAPA

Thanks.

He moves on to living room where a...

57

INT. LIVING ROOM - POKER GAME

57

is in progress. None of the players pay any attention to Papa whatsoever. There is ROCKY, the midget, a BLACK HUSTLER, the cop O'BRIEN, a MOVIE STAR, a MEXICAN BURGLAR, a wimp INFORMER. Some other street characters. A small punching bag hangs in one corner. A shelf runs all the way around the room, wide enough for two tracks and Papa's old Lionel train. Papa sets a caboose straight, then dumps the pan dulce on a plate mid-table.

PAPA

You're blocking the whole driveway.

No answer.

PAPA

Taking up all the room.

BLACK

Should have valet parkin'.

MOVIE STAR

(to Papa)

Sittin' in?

The Midget loses with kings up. He's pissed.

(CONTINUED)

57

CONTINUED:

57

ROCKY

Goddamn it. Stand over there,
you're bad luck!

PAPA

Who's got all the money?

MOVIE STAR

O'Brien. Who you think but a cop?

O'BRIEN

We got room.

BLACK

We need a sucker.

Papa smiles, starts to go but the Informer grabs his
arm.

INFORMER

Where ya goin'? Sit down and play.

O'BRIEN

I loan at twenty percent.

Papa shakes his head, watching, tired.

BLACK

One hand, Papa.

PLAYERS

Come on! Play! We missed you!

He leans on the back of a chair.

MOVIE STAR

He's in.

ROCKY

Five card stud.

He deals Papa in. Papa pulls money out of his pocket
during:

O'BRIEN

How was the trip?

BLACK

Where'd you go?

MOVIE STAR

Were you away?

(CONTINUED)

57

CONTINUED: (2)

57

INFORMER

The bad guys give you any trouble?

Papa picks up his cards, plays standing up.

ROCKY

Queen bets!

BURGLAR

Queen bets a dollar.

They put in. Papa notices the Burglar's thick bank-roll. (He's an ex-burglar.)

O'BRIEN

Francis, you been boostin' again?

BURGLAR

I made a score at the track.

BLACK

Sure.

BURGLAR

Shut your frigging mouth.

O'BRIEN

Puts me in an awkward position.

BURGLAR

I'm clean as a newborn, Lt.
Believe me.

Deadly glare at the Black who smiles. Cards.

INFORMER

Murphy got out of the joint.

PAPA

Yeah? How is he?

BLACK

Back in.

BURGLAR

Second day on the street he tried
to hit a supermarket.

BLACK

Asshole.

ROCKY

Five dollars!

(CONTINUED)

57. CONTINUED: (3)

PLAYERS

Out. Out. Fold.

PAPA

I'll call you.

ROCKY

Jack and treys!

PAPA

Three fives.

ROCKY

Shit!

Papa reaches for the money.

PAPA

Thank you. Good night.

PLAYERS

Where ya goin'? Stay! Whaddaya
just come to take our money?

PAPA

Yep.

He heads for the bedroom. Informer intercepts him.

INFORMER

(confidential)

Papa, I got a tip on the Branch
brother. Y'interested?

PAPA

In the morning.

Papa, exits to bedroom.

58

INT. BEDROOM

58

Papa opens the door carefully. Sets his brown suitcase down without a sound. A large rumpled bed is under the big bay window. The cutrains are open, the early sun streams across DOTTY, a lovely creature surrounded with fifty bluebooks, which she is grading. The sun catches her curls, outlines her long thighs under the sheet and her soft bare shoulders. Papa leans against the door-jamb, blown away by the beauty of it. Dotty feels his presence, continues to grade the tests.

(CONTINUED)

PAPA

You're beautiful.

She smiles at him over her shoulder.

DOTTY

I did some figuring while you were gone. Richie's ripped you off approximately ten grand a year for the last three years. Bailbondsmen they're always gonna make it up next time. They never do. Ten grand a year --

Papa climbs on the bed, takes her face in his hands, kisses her thoroughly. She melts.

DOTTY

(soft)

That's a lot of toys.

Another kiss. Her hands begin to slide his jacket off.

PAPA

I gotta go to sleep. You gotta go to work.

The jacket off, she pulls his body to her. They roll together on the bed. Only now does her big belly become apparent. And a problem between them.

PAPA

Oh, Jesus.

DOTTY

The doctor said it was okay.

Rolling around. Mutual lust.

PAPA

Oh. Hey. I brought you a present.

DOTTY

(delighted)

You did? Lemme see, what'd you get, we can't afford it, I'll bet --

(laughing)

-- you got me a 1941 Buck Rogers wind-up car.

Papa produces a miniscule package from his jacket pocket. Dotty tears the paper off. It is a tiny cast-iron pot of flowers, each enameled exquisitely.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

Dotty draws in her breath at the loveliness of it.
Puts it on the windowsill in the sun. They fall together, as easy with each other as puppies.

*
*
*

59 OMITTED

59

59A EXT. PAPA'S HOUSE - DAY

59A

Across the street, that grey VW bus sputters to life, makes a U-turn and drives away.

60 OMITTED

60

60A EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

60A

A postage stamp patio behind Papa's ramshackle house. Bricked and filled with pots of flowering plants. Papa is in a hammock which stretches from the back of the house to the fence on the alley, giving you some idea of the dimensions. A miniature antique French motorcycle is on his lap, a toolbox beside him. Papa is sound asleep, smiling.

Dotty, also smiling, appears in the screen door, a tray in her hand. Seeing that he is sleeping, she hesitates. He opens an eye.

PAPA

No school? No wonder you're
horny.

He gets up on an elbow, alarmed. Laughing, shaking her head, Dotty comes down the steps with a tray of coffee, toast and a bowl of mushrooms. She sits cross-legged hear his head, pours him some coffee.

DOTTY

Helen Ryan's taking my class to
the museum. Poor museum.

Papa smiles, sips his coffee, watches her eat mushrooms.

PAPA

How long will they let you work?

(CONTINUED)

DOTTY

As long as I want. Another couple
of weeks. There's a La Maze class
tonight.

Papa lays back down, the cup of coffee on his stomach.

PAPA

Don't start that again.

(CONTINUED)

60A CONTINUED:

60A

DOTTY

Ignoring it isn't going to make
it go away.

PAPA

It might. It's worth a try.

DOTTY

Not funny.

Silence. Mushrooms. Tension.

PAPA

Pregnant women are supposed to
crave pickles and ice cream.

She fixes him with a look.

DOTTY

It's important to me.

PAPA

Mushrooms?

DOTTY

Natural childbirth.

He glares at a flowering plant in the far reaches of
the patio. She touches his shoulder gently, with com-
passion, as you would a child who's doing his best but
just can't cut it.

DOTTY

Never mind. I'll move to my
sister's.

PAPA

Wait. No. I --

DOTTY

It's too scary, honey. For me.
You're never here. And when
you are you won't go to the
classes. When it starts I'll have
to take a cab --

She shivers, looks away. He touches her cheek. She
holds onto his hand, kisses the palm, rests her cheek
against it.

DOTTY

My sister did La Maze. With all
three of her kids. She's a pro.

(CONTINUED)

PAPA

I need you here.

She looks at him, love in her eyes. And fear.

DOTTY

I want to be in a hospital, looked
after and safe, where there're
flowers and nurses and women in
lace bedjackets.

*

*

61 EXT. BAIL BOND ROW

61

The middle of downtown Los Angeles is crowded with thick buildings that you never see on the postcards. Large grey Bauhaus structures that house garment manufacturers. There are some strangely ornate hotels that are now decaying flop houses. Rows of storefronts that have iron grating stretching across them... have been going out of business (and announcing that fact with large signs) for the past ten years. Pawnshops ... barbecued chickens rotating slowly... movie theaters playing Spanish language horror films. The crowds on the streets are black, Chicano, and white people who live in California and are never tan. Papa walks through, acknowledging greetings along the way.

This is the area of the courthouses... the Immigration Department... and Bail Bond Row. These are offices with large signs painted over the second and third story windows that read: "24 HOUR BAIL"... "FAST SERVICE"... "SE HABLA ESPANOL." More often than not there are also cut-rate dentists in the same buildings.

62 ANOTHER ANGLE

62

Even in the hot sun, the neon keeps blinking instant freedom. A dozen shops -- BAIL - 24 HOURS - FAST SERVICE -- Set between a pawnshop and a clothing outlet -- BLUMENTHAL'S BAIL BONDS -- Se Habla Espanol. Papa enters.

CUT TO:

63 INT. BLUMENTHAL'S OFFICE

63

Papa enters and walks to electric coffeepot.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

Dusty, dreary. Bulging file cabinets. Large fan blowing hot air. A thin FAG sits on a wooden folding chair trying to convince MILLIE to post \$1,000 for his boyfriend. Millie has heard these stories for 41 years. She doesn't cry easily.

MILLIE

You got collateral?

FAG

I have a car. A Plymouth. It's worth \$2,000 at least.

MILLIE

Wonderful. Drive it in. I'll keep it till your boyfriend shows in court.

FAG

But I need the car for work.

MILLIE

And I need it for collateral.

FAG

I'll give you my pink slip.

MILLIE

I don't want your underwear, I want your car! No car, no bod. What's so difficult?

64 OMITTED

64

64A RICHIE BLUMENTHAL'S CUBICLE

64A

Richie owns the dump. He sits propped on six pillows, tilted back on a wooden chair. Richie is 62. He chews a cigar and listens to the troubles of the couple on the wooden bench. They are the BERNADOS.

MR. BERNADO

Mister Blumenthal, Anthony, he's a good boy. A little mixed up maybe.

MRS. BERNADO

He'll come back. He means well.

MR. BERNADO

This is the first time...

(CONTINUED)

64A CONTINUED:

64A

RICHIE

The first time he took a hostage
out of a liquor store...

The Bernados look at each other. Where did we go wrong?
Richie leans forward in his chair.

RICHIE

Mr. Bernado, Mrs. Bernado, may
we talk honestly with each other?

BERNADOS

Yes. Of course.

RICHIE

Your son is a rat! He's holed up
and he ain't ever comin' back! Cause
he knows if he does he's goin' to
jail. And he's been there enough
times to know that he don't like
it. Now you and I, the two of us,
together, have a problem. Which is
if your Anthony don't show in 18 more
days I'm out a hundred thousand and
your restaurant belongs to me. And
I don't want a restaurant! I already
got two of them!

MRS. BERNADO

You mean we lose our restaurant?

RICHIE

If the son was only as smart as
the mother.

Richie sees Papa standing outside pouring a cup of
coffee from old percolator.

MR. BERNADO

But I've worked 26 years of my life
to build up that place! There's
the building, the parking, I can't
lose it all now!

*

MRS. BERNADO

Mr. Blumenthal, what can we do?

RICHIE

We have to get somebody to find
Anthony, and bring him back.

MR. BERNADO.

A detective?

(CONTINUED)

64A CONTINUED: (2)

64A

Richie waves Papa in.

RICHIE

The gentleman I have in mind is
more of a specialist in this area.

Papa smiles and nods.

RICHIE

Mr. Thorson is a bounty hunter.

MRS. BERNADO

Oh, my God!

Richie leans back... and puffs his cigar again.

RICHIE

It's either that... or your
restaurant.

(pause)

You decide.

*

65 INT. FINNEY'S CAFETERIA - DAY

65

is a large, noisy, ancient slab of restaurant... that
has been on West 6th Street for almost a thousand years.
Harsh lighting, and a lot of noise. The restaurant is
cafeteria style... so it is crammed with impatient
lines of people carrying dark brown trays... being
served by cooks who were there the day Finney's opened.

Papa and Richie stand in one of the dozen lines of
hungry people, slowly advancing to the order counter.

RICHIE

Papa, please. Enough already.

PAPA

You owe me for Tommy Price and
Billy Joe Face.

RICHIE

You did good. You're the best in
the world.

PAPA

So pay me.

*

65A ANOTHER MAN - MIKE

65A

turns from the counter holding his tray, moving past
Papa. He stops. Mike is also a bail bondsman.

(CONTINUED)

65A CONTINUED:

65A

MIKE

Papa, can I talk to you.

RICHIE

No, you can't talk to him! I'm talking to him! Get outa here.

PAPA

What do you got, Mike?

MIKE

Assault on a police officer.
Heading for Mexico. I stand to take a substantial loss.

RICHIE

Great! Now take a walk, you goniff! He ain't interested!

Mike leaves.

65B AT A TABLE

65B

eating. Richie has his tray filled with chocolate pie and is stuffing his face. Papa sips a beer.

RICHIE

So when's the baby due?

PAPA

Soon.

RICHIE

You should marry the schoolteacher. Eight years is enough already.

PAPA

She's been married. Didn't like it.

RICHIE

Eight years she don't trust you yet?

PAPA

Mind your own business and pay your debts.

RICHIE

Please, not while I'm eating.

(CONTINUED)

65B

CONTINUED:

65B

Richie hands Papa a folder.

PAPA

What's this?

RICHIE

A baby present from me to you.

PAPA

Anthony Bernado?

RICHIE

A piece of cake.

Papa looks through the folder. We SEE a photo of Anthony Bernado.

PAPA

(reading)

Arson, burglary, armed robbery,
three at Soledad...

He looks at Richie, pained.

RICHIE

He's a good boy, a little mixed
up maybe. He wants to come in.
He'll be so happy to see you.
You'll make friends.

PAPA

If he's that easy, you go.

RICHIE

Believe me, you don't think I
would? I would, but at my age,
I'm not supposed to eat airline
food.

Papa hands folder back.

RICHIE

(con't)

Papa... I'm into this for a
hundred grand. I'll make it
worth your while.

(CONTINUED)

65B CONTINUED: (2)

65B

PAPA

I'll get you the Branch brothers.

RICHIE

The Branch brothers? My cocker
spaniel can get the Branch
brothers --

Spota stops by table.

SPOTA

Hey, Papa, lunching with the last
of the big spenders, I see.

*
*

RICHIE

Captain Spota, always a pleasure.

*
*

PAPA

Sit.

*

SPOTA

Can't. Might come by tonite.

*

Papa nods. Spota waves goodbye and goes. Richie
watches him.

*

RICHIE

You hear any talk on the street
about him?

*

PAPA

What kind of talk?

*

RICHIE

Talk. Things. Like they got him
with his finger in the pie.

*

PAPA

Spota? No way. Not him.

*

65C CASHIER

65C

holds up the phone and yells across the room.

CASHIER

Papa, you got a call!

Papa gets off stool and moves to cashier stand. Takes the phone.

PAPA

Yeah?

66 OTHER SIDE OF ROOM - MASON

66

The creep that was in the Volkswagen van. MASON is on a pay phone and is looking at Papa.

MASON

Thorson... my name is Mason.
Remember me?

PAPA

No.

MASON

Well you will. I'm gonna kill you.

Papa nods wearily.

MASON

I've been watching you, Thorson.
I'm gonna kill you very soon.

PAPA

Whatever you're using, Mason,
it's no good for you.

Papa hangs up on him and moves back to Richie. Mason watches.

CUT TO:

67 OMITTED

67

67A EXT. PAT'S POULTRY

67A

This is a large poultry slaughtering plant. Outside area is the start of processing operation. Papa and Richie walk around corner past large trailer trucks where chickens are taken from pens and hung on hooks by their feet.

(CONTINUED)

67A CONTINUED:

67A

The line of chickens moves to the man who slaughters them -- then through a series of machines -- which pluck the chickens' feathers, and to a line of some fifty workers who dress them. Papa and Richie enter building at section where the chickens are taken off the hooks and boxed.

67B INT. CHICKEN BOXING BUILDING

67B

Chickens being boxed for delivery. Richie reaches up and pulls a couple of chickens from the hooks.

RICHIE

(to Manager)

Where'd you get these? On a statue in the park?

MANAGER

Mr. Blumenthal, feel the tuchas. Where you get a tuchas like that? Tell me.

Richie hands the chickens to the Manager.

RICHIE

Okay. They'll make good soup.
(to Papa)
You want one?

PAPA

No.

RICHIE

What about Bernardo? You don't like money?

PAPA

I like living.

Richie gets his chickens, pays.

67C EXT. STREET - BAIL BOND ROW

67C

~~They walk along the crowded street, Richie carrying the chickens in a grocery sack against his chest.~~

RICHIE

All right, all right, I'll take the Branch brothers.

(CONTINUED)

67C CONTINUED:

67C

PAPA
Three thousand.

RICHIE
Forget it.

PAPA
Three Branch brothers, three
thousand dollars.

RICHIE
There's only two Branch brothers.
Matthew blew himself up.

PAPA
Three thousand.

RICHIE
They're children. Two young boys.

PAPA
They're the Wild Bunch.

*

RICHIE
Why not. Everybody takes
advantage. Why shouldn't you?
Three.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. PAPA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

68

Papa's car circles around, looking for a place to park.
He finally leaves it double parked alongside a Mark V.
Papa gets out, moving quickly.

69 INT. LIVING ROOM

69

Card game going on. The misfits call to Papa as he
comes in.

ROCKY
Papa, you got a minute?

(CONTINUED)

69

CONTINUED:

69

INFORMER

Papa, remember that payroll heist
in Vernon?

Papa keeps moving.

PAPA

Not now.

Papa stops.

PAPA

You remember a guy named Mason.

The Informer shuts his eyes, fingers to temples.

INFORMER

Karen Mason, prostitute. Dr.
William Mason...

PAPA

He's dead.

INFORMER

Rocco Mason -- ?

PAPA

That's the one.

INFORMER

Speed freak. When they sent him
to San Quentin they had to submerge
him in Thorazine. He got out a
month ago. Why?

PAPA

(shrugs)

Name just popped into my head.

His expression becomes pained as he notices Tommy Price
in the corner, the TV set in pieces around him.

TOMMY

The judge let me out when I
mentioned your name.

PAPA

What's happening to my TV?

TOMMY

Picture wasn't good.

INFORMER

It was perfect.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

TOMMY
Color wasn't sharp. I'm fixing it.

BURGLAR
We wanted to watch the Dodgers.

BLACK
I got two thousand on the game.

BURGLAR
Fuck it! Let's go boost a TV.

ROCKY
Can we watch the set in the bedroom?

PAPA
No.
(nods to Tommy)
Put some heat on the kid. He can
fix it.

Heads for the bedroom. Tommy grins, returns to work
with a will.

70 OMITTED

70

71 INT. BEDROOM

71

Dotty is at the desk, grading the bluebooks. Papa
comes in, takes his battered leather bag out of the
closet. Stands at the chest of drawers, dumping gear
in. Dotty turns around, stares at him, knowing, her
eyes vivid with disappointment.

PAPA
I gotta catch a midnight flight
to Nebraska.

Silence. Finally he risks a glance at her, is put away
by her look.

PAPA
Jesus, Dotty, it's my job.

DOTTY
You said you'd take me to the
class.

He glares at her, then lifts his shoulders in exasper-
ated surrender.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

PAPA
God. All right. I'll take you to
the goddamn class, then you take
me to the goddamn airport.

She turns back to her books.

71A TIGHT ON PAPA

71A

He takes a small gun out of a drawer, checks it, loads
it.

71B TIGHT TWO

71B

Papa puts it on the bluebooks. Dotty's head snaps up,
eyes meeting his with fear.

PAPA
Another asshole playing with the
phone.

DOTTY
Oh, no.

PAPA
You want me to call Spota? He can
send a cop over here.

DOTTY
How serious is it?

PAPA
I wouldn't leave you if I thought
it was serious.

She puts the gun in her purse, hugs him to her.

DOTTY
Then I'll be okay.

The PHONE RINGS. They both look at it, RINGS AGAIN.
He picks up the receiver.

PAPA
Yes?

71C INT. BAR (SAME BAR AS SC. 239)

71C

Quite a number of people, considering the early hour.
WINSTON BLUE is on a pay phone. He's an elegantly-
dressed black man with a gleaming gold tooth. Slightly
effeminate.

(CONTINUED)

71C CONTINUED:

71C

INTERCUT CONVERSATION.

WINSTON

Papa, it's Winston Blue.

PAPA

I know who it is. Where are you?

WINSTON

I can't tell you that jes' yet.

PAPA

Winston, I think I'm going to have to pull the plug on you.

WINSTON

I'll turn myself in. I jes' need a few more days.

PAPA

Listen, you, I guaranteed your bail --

WINSTON

And I surely appreciate it --

PAPA

-- I guaranteed your bail, for which I should have my head examined -- on your word of honor that you'd turn yourself in last week. Check your calendar, Winston. Last week is gone.

WINSTON

I been visitin' my mother.

PAPA

You don't have a mother.

WINSTON

I'll go see the judge real soon. That's a promise.

PAPA

I want to know where you are.

WINSTON

You take care of yourself. You hear?

And he hangs up.

71D INT. BEDROOM

71D

Papa slams down the phone.

DOTTY

How much?

PAPA

Twenty-five hundred.

She shakes her head, smiling, loving this nut. He smiles back, wry.

PAPA

I don't know who's a bigger asshole... Winston or me.

DOTTY

Or me.

They laugh. He puts an arm around her.

72 OMITTED
thru
74

72
thru
74

75 INT. LIVING ROOM

75

Papa and Dotty move to bar as Captain Spota, who has just arrived, approaches.

SPOTA

Hiya, Ralph. Dotty.
(kisses her on
the cheek)

God, that perfume. I love it.

She smiles and pours a drink. He turns to Papa.

SPOTA

When are you gonna make an honest woman out of her?

DOTTY

Why ruin a good relationship?

Spota chuckles and pats her on the stomach.

SPOTA

When's he due?

DOTTY

Any time now.

(CONTINUED)

75

CONTINUED:

75

Spota's shrewd glance flicks to Papa.

SPOTA

Gonna be different with a kid in
the house, Ralph. Different life.

DOTTY

(breezy)

We're already running an orphanage.
What's one more?

SPOTA

You'll see.

He laughs.

*

75A

SCENE MISSING - TO COME

75A

*

*

76 INT. LIVING ROOM

76

Papa and Spota move to the bar. Papa pours two stiff ones. They click glasses and down them fast. Dotty enters from the bedroom carrying Papa's leather bag, a rolled-up mat and a clock. Papa sighs, sets down his glass.

76A EXT. SUBURBAN STREET

76A

Papa's car creeps down the street, parks where a gaggle of Toyotas and Datsuns and Chevettes are parked. Papa parks with his right front tire in somebody's lawn.

76B INT. CAR

76B

Papa is hunched over the steering wheel, looking morose. Dotty collects her mat and her clock. She starts to get out, looks at him.

DOTTY

Gonna wait in the car?

Papa doesn't move.

DOTTY

Ralph.

PAPA

What good's it gonna do for me to go to one class? I'm leaving. I don't know when I'll be back --

DOTTY

You'll be back in time.

PAPA

I'll try. But, Christ, you know what my life is --

(CONTINUED)

76B CONTINUED:

76B

DOTTY

(soft, hurt)

Why didn't you let me go to my
sister's if you're gonna be so
squirrely?

She heads up the walk to the lighted house, without
waiting for an answer. Moment, then with an exasper-
ated grunt, Papa gets out, too, follows her up the
path.

76C ANGLE IN STREET

76C

About a half a block up the street from the badly parked yellow car, under a street light, the grey nose of the VW bus.

76D INT. VAN

76D

Mason sights down a gun resting it on the steering wheel.

76E ANGLE THROUGH SIGHTS

76E

The cross hairs follow the dark figure of Papa up the walk. He stops in the lighted doorway, silhouetted.

76F INT. LIVING ROOM

76F

Eight very pregnant women are lying on their sides on mats on the floor. Their husbands, squatting or sitting beside them, are pinching their shoulders, their arms, their thighs. And not playfully. They are all very young and intense.

Dotty rolls out her mat, lies on her side, begins relaxing exercises all alone.

Papa leans on the nearest wall, shoves his hands determinedly in his pockets, his face fierce and insecure.

The LEADER is young and bubbly and earthy.

LEADER

It's not helpful to be gentle with her now, boys. Really pinch her hard. Relax through the pain, girls. Through the pain. Beautiful thoughts.
(abruptly)

Mr. Thorson?

PAPA

I have a bad back.

The Leader dances through the mountainous women, takes his hand, leads him to Dotty, during:

LEADER

Listen, I know what you're going through. The first class is always like that. And at your age. I don't think I've ever trained anyone as old as the two of you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

76F CONTINUED:

76F

LEADER (CONT'D)

I really think you're very brave
to do this. I'm really just in
total awe.

She has brought him to his knees, mesmerized by her
chatter, puts his hands on Dotty's shoulders, makes
him pinch her. Papa pulls away. Dotty giggles.

LEADER

Well, all right, just sit there
for awhile, it really helps her
a lot if you can pinch her, if
she can practice relaxing through
pain, that's the point. I know
it's hard, Mr. Thorson, but having
a baby is the most beautiful
experience in life, you don't want
to be excluded, do you. --

PAPA

Yes. I do.

Dotty bursts out laughing. The Leader blinks at him in
mild disapproval. Papa screws his courage to the stick-
ing place and gingerly pinches Dotty's shoulders.

LEADER

(pats him on the head)

You brave thing.

Returns to the head of the class. A look between Dotty
and Papa conveying her appreciation of how much this is
costing him.

77 EXT. AIRPORT - DAWN

77 *

A two-engine prop touches down, taxis to the small ter-
minal. Steps are wheeled out to the plane. Papa gets
off.

CUT TO:

78 OMITTED

78

78A INT. TERMINAL - DAY

78A

Papa is at the Hertz counter, filling out the forms.
HERTZ GIRL hands him the key to the car.

(CONTINUED)

78A CONTINUED:

78A

HERTZ GIRL

It's brand new. Seventy-eight miles.

Papa nods and signs the forms.

79 OMITTED
thru
81

79
thru
81

82 INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

82

Dotty is preparing for the day's work. She is sitting at her desk in a large old classroom. We are in an inner city high school... the kind that have chicken wire over the windows. It is very large and overcrowded school. Everybody has obviously gone home. All we can HEAR is the faint SCRATCHING of her felt-tip PEN across the papers she is marking.

Dotty is tired... and she rubs her belly for a moment. Then she resumes making notations in red on the test papers. This total stillness is broken by the SOUND of a VOICE that whispers:

VOICE

Hey, teacher.

Dotty looks up. There is no one in the room.

VOICE

(whispering)

Hey, teeeeeeecherrrrrrrrr.

DOTTY

Who's there?

The Voice is obviously coming from outside the room. The effect is obviously spooky... however, Dotty is making a conscious effort not to get rattled.

DOTTY

Howard... is that you?

VOICE

(whispering)

Violets are blue... roses are red...
there's no school today...
teeeeeeecherrr is dead.

(CONTINUED)

Dotty's lips tighten a little.

DOTTY

Whoever you are... you're a jerk.

VOICE

(whispering)

Ooooooooo... teeeeeeecher is
maaaaaaaaaddd.

Dotty gathers her papers... and puts them in her notebook.

VOICE

(whispering)

Don't be maaaaaad... Teeeeeeeecherrrr
... oooooohhh don't be maaaaaaaadddd.

Dotty looks across the room at the wooden door to the hallway. The window in the door is covered by a small greenish shade, that is pulled down. However... she can clearly see the shadow of two legs blocking the crack of light underneath the door. The two shadows move slightly.

DOTTY

(a bit tensely)

Listen, buster... this isn't funny anymore. You're going to get in trouble if you don't go away like a good little boy.

VOICE

(whispering)

I could kiiiiilllll you...

Dotty stands up. She looks around.

VOICE

(whispering)

I realllyyyy could.

Dotty can no longer hide the growing panic inside of her. She sees the doorknob beginning to turn.

She races across the room to the door. She grabs the knob... and stops it from turning. At the same time she depresses the button in the knob, and locks the door.

VOICE

(whispering)

Oooooooh... teeeecher's locked the door.

(CONTINUED)

Dotty is panting with fear.

DOTTY

Go away!

VOICE (MASON)

(whispering)

Teeecher thinks I'm gonna kiilllllll
her... Teeecher thinks I'm gonna
kiilllllll her... so she locked the
doooooorrrrr.

DOTTY

(starting to cry)

Go away... please go away...

VOICE (MASON)

(whispering)

Welllll... I'm not gonna killlllll
the teeeecher. I'm gonna kill
Paaapaaaa!

The veins in her temples are throbbing. Her eyes are
blazing.

DOTTY

(horror-stricken)

Who are you?

VOICE (MASON)

(whispering)

Pulllll up the shade and seeeee
whose gonna killlllllll Paaaaaapaaaa.

DOTTY

(shouting)

Who are you!

VOICE (MASON)

(whispering)

Pulll up the shade and telll Paaapaaa
what you saw... telll him who's gonna
killlllllll him.

Dotty wildly pulls up the shade.

The SCREEN is FILLED with Rocco Mason's face... as SEEN
THROUGH THE GLASS. Mason has squashed his face against
the pane. His nose spreads to the side... becoming
white where it touches the glass. His eyes are bizarre
distorted black discs. His lips are huge pink smears
on the window. He is drooling on the glass. This is
all in a horrific instant... as the shade whips up-
wards... revealing this apparition. At the same time...
Mason screams.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (3)

82

It is a shrill guttural scream... that echoes throughout the old room. Dotty shrieks in startled terror... and wheels around... so her back is to the dreadful sight pressing against the window in the door.

MASON

(giggling)

Tell Papa that Mason said soon...
real soon.

Dotty covers her face with her hands. She leans against the wall for support.

Then she hears the SOUNDS of RETREATING FOOTSTEPS... and LAUGHTER... clattering down the hallway. They FADE AWAY. Finally there is silence.

Dotty turns slowly to face the door... afraid of what she will see. There is no more face in the window. Just the smears of saliva. She tries to catch her breath. She is alone again. She puts her hands on her stomach.

82A OMITTED
thru
156

82A
thru
156

157 EXT. SMALL POLICE STATION - SMALL FARM TOWN - DAY

Papa drives up in his brand-new rental.

CHIEF'S VOICE

The Branch brothers? Sure.

(spits)

Crazy bastards, dumb as shit and
mean.

158 EXT. SAML L POLICE STATION - DAY

158

Papa's with the POLICE CHIEF, a weathered, beefy vet. The Chief has a jawful of Red Man which he's very good at spitting. Papa is listening with some impatience to:

CHIEF

(spits)

Went to school with John, the
bigger one. We was on the
basketball team --

(CONTINUED)

158

CONTINUED:

158

PAPA

I need directions --

CHIEF

Played Butte this one game, our
high school's always had a kind
of a rivalry with Butte --

PAPA

I need directions to --

CHIEF

(icy)

All in the Lord's time, son.

PAPA

(smiles, leans on
something)

My mistake.

CHIEF

We lost that game on a foul. A
real questionable call.

(spits)

John Branch put dynamite in the
locker room urinals. Blew the
whole damn gym halfway across
Canada.

Chortles, remembering, coughs, spits.

PAPA

I'll take them both back to L.A.,
Captain, if you'll give me
directions. And maybe a man.

CHIEF

I'll give you directions, but I
ain't givin' you one of my men.
Can't afford to.

He spits, smiles, icy.

158A INT. DOTTY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

158A

Dotty surrounded by Principal (Female), Custodian and
two uniformed L.A.P.D. Officers. Just gave them a
description of Mason. As Officer closes pad:

OFFICER

That should do it. We'll let you
know if anything turns up.

(CONTINUED)

158A CONTINUED:

158A

PRINCIPAL

Thank you.

Officer leaves with Custodian.

PRINCIPAL

I'll call for a substitute to take your class...

DOTTY

No!

PRINCIPAL

Dotty, take the day off. You're entitled.

DOTTY

I'm okay. Really. I'm sure it was just some harmless nut, getting his jollies. I just don't want Ralph to find out. God knows what he'd do, and we can't have any trouble. Not now.

PRINCIPAL

Alright. But you won't mind if we keep a close watch on you?

DOTTY

Mind -- I love it.

They smile. The Principal exits leaving a pensive and concerned Dotty to prepare for the days class.

CUT TO:

159 EXT. ROAD - DAY

159

Papa's car drives away from the Snake River... up into the higher elevation of the Palouse region.

(CONTINUED)

160 EXT. CORN COUNTRY

160

Papa is driving through corn county. Enormous acres of corn... rippling in the waves in the late summer wind. Hill after hill... the sunlight igniting the tips, making them shimmer as they bend.

161 EXT. FARMHOUSE ROAD

161

Surrounded by an ocean of tall corn is a farmhouse and some sheds. As Papa's car gets to within a few feet of the farmhouse, he slows the car to a crawl.

162 EXT. FARMHOUSE - POV

162

It looks deserted. No sign of habitation.

163 EXT. FARMHOUSE ROAD

163

Papa turns car off road and disappears into the shimmering corn.

164 ANOTHER ANGLE

164

Through the tall corn we SEE Papa has stopped the car and reaches on the seat beside him. He has the stun gun... as well as a regular shotgun... and the .45. He palces the .45 in his belt... picks up the stun gun .. and quickly gets out of the car.

He takes a few steps from the road towards the house... and then stops. He looks back to the car... and then walks back to it. He puts the stun gun back in the car... and trades it for the shotgun.

165 EXT. BACK OF FARM - DAY

165

Papa is keeping low... as he creeps around the back of the old farmhouse. There is a sizeable yard... mostly of dirt and weeds. At the other end of the yard is the large wooden shed. There are holes in the shed roof ... and some holes in the planks.

Papa reaches the back door of the house. He presses his ear to the screen. There are no sounds coming from inside the house. Papa moves around to one of the back windows. He looks inside. There is no one.

From the inside of the house moving to the area near where Papa parked his car, emerge the Branch Brothers, MATHEW and LUKE. Both of them are wild men with small beady eyes... and sun red skin. Luke carries a number of sticks of dynamite in one hand, and caps and cord in the other.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

165

They watch Papa's every move. They have a look of Mayhem about them. They stealthily move to Papa's car. *

Papa looks around to the shed. There are no sounds at all. Papa purses his lips... and flexes his grip on the shotgun. He stays motionless for a while.

Then he takes a step towards the shed. There appears to be no life inside. Papa walks slowly towards the back of the shed. He turns to the SOUND, as he HEARS the motor of his car rev. up.

Suddenly, the corn parts like the Red Sea did for Moses and Papa's brand-new rental car comes charging out and straight for Papa.

Papa has just enough time to dive out of the way. The chrome steel covers spin by his face... as he rolls on the ground. The rear wheels dig brown furrows in the ground... and send up a rooster tail of dirt... as the car skids across the yard.

The car spins and comes at Papa once again before he can regain his shotgun. Again Papa is forced to dive out of the way of the onrushing car.

Papa is on his feet -- grabs his shotgun as the car swerves down the dirt driveway -- and quirls into the cornfield and disappears -- before Papa can get a shot off.

Papa looks around and sees a massive thresher standing by the shed. As he runs over to it, his car comes chasing out of the field from another direction and he's forced to dive under the thresher blades for cover, the car again just missing him and disappearing into the corn.

166 INT. CAR

166

Matthew Branch is driving. Luke is in the back seat. Matthew's huge hairy arms make the steering wheel look like a toy. Luke is staring out of the back window... with a look of slightly bemused confusion on his face. *

167 THRESHER

167

Papa gets into thresher -- starts engine and lumbers off into the cornfield after the car.

168 INT. CAR

168

The Branches see thresher coming and Matthew slows down, allowing Papa to find them.

169 INT. THRESHER

169

Papa discovers car... and floors thresher... lumbering, trying to make up the distance.

170 EXT. CORNFIELD

170

The car and thresher careen through the magnificent cornfield, leaving a trail of broken cornstalks. At times it's difficult to know who's chasing whom. The car suddenly turns onto a narrow, dusty road bordered on both sides by -- corn. Papa follows.

171 INT. CAR

171

Matthew is letting out a series of war whoops... as the car thrashes around the little road. On either side the corn is so tall... you can't see over it. The corn is, in fact, taller than the cars.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

171

Luke reaches down below the seat and takes a long coil of rope. He takes a hunting knife from his belt... and starts cutting fifty-foot lengths of the rope.

172 INT. THRESHER

172

Papa is having trouble seeing... in the dust from the car... which is coating his windshield. The car brushes against the wall of corn on either side of the road.

173 INT. CAR

173

Luke has cut a number of lengths of rope. He opens a small crate that is in the back seat. He is cackling ... as he removes a handful of dynamite sticks. He starts tying them to the ends of the lengths of rope.

Matthew joins Luke in shrieking with delight.

174 INT. THRESHER

174

Papa is trying to catch up... having difficulty controlling the thresher... difficulty seeing... and difficulty knowing where on the road he is.

175 INT. CAR

175

Luke takes one of the sticks of dynamite. He lights the fuse... and then throws it out his window... holding on to the end of the rope.

176 EXT. ROAD

176

The red dynamite stick bounces on the dusty road. It trails the car by more and more... as Luke lets the rope out. When it is all played out... the stick is about thirty feet behind the car... and about twenty feet in front of Papa.

177 EXT. ROAD

177

The car comes around a sharp turn... when the thresher comes out of the cornfield in front of it. Papa jams on the brakes... and waits for the oncoming car.

178 INT. CAR

178

Luke is surprised. He sees the thresher in time to stop. He puts his car in reverse and floors it.

179 EXT. ROAD

179

The stick of dynamite that has been trailing the car by forty feet is almost run over... as the car speeds in reverse. It EXPLODES under the left rear tire... kicking the car over on its side... with a METALLIC GROAN.

The smoke and dust slowly clear. The carcass of the car is on the road... the back wheel still spinning. Papa's battered thresher stopped and about fifty feet away. Papa slowly opens the door... walks over to the car.

CUT TO:

180 EXT. AIRPORT RENTAL CAR AREA

180

Papa is returning his brand new rental car. It's being towed in by an Auto Club wrecker -- completely totaled.

The entourage stops and Papa climbs out of back of wrecker followed by the Wild Branch Boys, handcuffed together, their clothes tattered, their faces bruised and bandaged. The pretty girl who signed the car out to him stands there and watches.

181 OMITTED
thru
229

181
thru
229

229A INT. BLUMENTHAL'S CUBICLE - INTERCOM BOX

229A

It looks like it was made before Edison was born. It SQUAWKS and Richie Blumenthal taps the key.

MILLIE'S VOICE

Thorson's here.

229B NEW ANGLE

229B

Delighted, Richie scurries from behind his desk and opens the office door. Papa stands outside. His eyes are puffy from lack of sleep.

RICHIE

Ralph! Come in, come in. Sit.

Papa sinks down on the couch.

RICHIE

You did good.

(CONTINUED)

229B CONTINUED:

229B

PAPA

(flat)

I don't need the pat on the head,
Richie, I need the money.

RICHIE

I wanted to talk to you about that.

PAPA

Oh, Christ.

RICHIE

I can't pay you three thousand.

PAPA

(rising)

This is it. Never working for you
again. Ever.

Heads for the door.

RICHIE

I just don't have the ready cash.
Now if you'd be willing to settle
for two --

PAPA

(murderous)

Richie --

RICHIE

Twenty-five hundred.

PAPA

I want it all.

RICHIE

Ralph. I've got the IRS on my
back. I can't. But I'll write
you a check. Here and now.
Minus --

PAPA

Minus nothing.

Richie looks at him for a long moment.

RICHIE

That tough?

(shakes his head
in sympathy)

Take some time off, kid. Be good
to yourself for a change.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

229B CONTINUED: (2)

229B

RICHIE

(sighs)

I'll make it twenty-seven fifty,
because I like you, because I'm a
generous man, bottom line, because
I'm a schmuck. Okay?

Long beat. Then Papa nods. Richie opens a drawer and
removes a check. He hands it over. Papa looks at it.

PAPA

You had it all made out.

Richie smiles. Papa stuffs the check in his pocket and
heads for the door.

RICHIE

Spota called, looking for you.

Papa glares at him, exits, slamming the door.

229C EXT. PAPA'S HOUSE - DAY

229C

Dotty is watering the tiny front lawn. A lowrider
drives up. Inside are three young chicanos -- and
Papa. They are friends, and have given Papa a ride
home from Richie's. Papa has a hard time getting out
of low slung car. The driver raises the hydraulic
lifts to bring the car to normal height. Papa is
able to get out to much kidding. As soon as he's out
the car becomes low-slung again, and drives off so
low it raises sparks on the road.

229D EXT. LAWN - DAY

229D

Dotty, hose in hand, has been watching the above.
As Papa approaches.

DOTTY

Hi Baby -- welcome home.

He looks at her a moment - so lovely - so pregnant
and - just goes to her. They embrace. We see in
Dotty's face - the pain and fear of Mason's visit -
just melt away in Papa's arms. They walk arm in
arm into the house.

229E OMITTED

229E

229F INT. DEN - NIGHT

229F

Papa in slippers and robe is at his bench, working on a toy. Dotty is in the process of putting mat and pillows on floor.

PAPA

Did you go to another La Maze class?

DOTTY

Yep.

PAPA

And?

DOTTY

You don't wanna know.

PAPA

I'm asking you, aren't I?

DOTTY

Not really.

PAPA

I'm really asking you!

She cocks her hands behind her head, having gained his attention finally.

DOTTY

Quote. Birth is like a game, the mother's the team, the father's the coach. How the game turns out depends on the coach --

PAPA

(kissing her)

What bullshit.

DOTTY

(smiles, continues)

This one woman said with her last baby, she started pushing too soon. You can't push until you're dilated, till the kid's right down there, but you feel like you want to. So you blow --

(demonstrates:

wha! wha!)

-- instead. This woman wasn't dilated and she started pushing and her husband --

She gets on her knees and goes over to him, taking his face between her hands, nose to nose, severe:

(CONTINUED)

229F CONTINUED: (2)

229F

DOTTY

-- said, 'Blow, Edith.'

(wha! wha! wha!)

-- and he did it himself, right to
her, willing her to do it with him --

Wha! Wha! Wha!

Papa starts blowing back at her: wha! wha! wha! She
falls back onto the bed, laughing.

DOTTY

And she was able to stop pushing.
Because he did that. Isn't that
beautiful?

He laughs, laces his arms around her.

PAPA

I'm a sucker for inspirational
moments.

She runs her fingers through his hair.

DOTTY

Why don't you let your hair grow?
I liked it when you had long hair.

PAPA

Too old for that?

DOTTY

You like old things. That's
all you care about. You don't
like anything that's new.

PAPA

They're no damn good.

DOTTY

Give them a chance to prove
themselves. They will, in time...

They look at each other. There is love and understanding.

DOTTY

I love you.

230 OMITTED
&
231

230
&
231

232 EXT. EAST HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

232

Papa's yellow Chevrolet climbs a steep narrow road that winds through the unfashionable hills of Hollywood. The giant white Hollywood sign looms overhead. This is the area of small one-story homes that used to be rustic, and are now a bit run-down... the area above Highland, and Franklin.

233 EXT. SPOTA'S HOUSE

233

Papa brings the car to a stop... and parks in front of an off-white frame house.

There is a screen door and a child's swing in the front. The lawn has not been tended to. Laundry still flaps on a clothesline.

Papa passes the mailbox in front of the house. It is overflowing with unopened mail. Painted on the mailbox is the name "Spota." Papa stops at the screen door. He listens. There is no sound.

PAPA

Hey, Spota!

There is no answer. Papa raps on the screen door.

PAPA

It's me...

There is no answer. Papa looks in through the screen door. The house is in cool shadow. It is hard to see anything. Papa frowns.

He looks around. Then he places his hand on the knob of the screen door. He slowly opens it. The rusty METAL CREAKS an arthritic creak.

234 INT. HOUSE

234

Papa is in shadow. All of the lights in the house come from the back sliding glass door. It leads to a small deck. The house is cantilevered out from the side of the hill... and supported on rather spindly looking pilings.

Papa is inside the house... his eyes trying to adjust to the dark... and the glare coming from the back of the house. The back light rimlights the worn couch... the overturned chair... the piles of pizza boxes... the cans of beer, and the empty bottles of scotch... all strewn on the floor. It is a terrible sight... and Papa recoils when he sees it. Something is terribly wrong.

SPOTA

Bang. Bang... you're dead.

Papa looks around. Cigarette smoke is curling up from behind the overturned chair.

(CONTINUED)

234 CONTINUED:

234

Papa goes to the back of the room. Sitting on the floor... his back resting on the side of the overturned chair... is Detective Spota. He hasn't shaved for four days. His white wash-and-wear shirt is deeply stained, with liquor and tomato sauce. He is holding a half-empty bottle of scotch in one hand... and a .38 calibre police special in the other hand.

Papa stands and stares at him for a while.

Spota holds the bottle out to Papa. Papa kneels down and accepts it. He takes a swig... and hands the bottle back to Spota.

Papa walks out through the open door to the little deck in the back. Spota remains on the floor. The deck looks out onto another hill... filled with houses. That hill is obviously a bit more luxurious. There is a white telescope at the deck railing. Papa squints into it.

SPOTA

You see that house.

235 EXT. FRANK HYATT'S POOL - PAPA'S POV

235

The telescope is trained on a one-story example of someone's idea of Mediterranean architecture. A flagstone patio surrounds a kidney-shaped pool. The house has cyprus trees, statues, and a built-in brick gas barbecue.

A middle-aged man is sitting by the pool in a lounge chair. He is reading a newspaper. A young woman... in her twenties at the most... is swimming. She is totally nude.

SPOTA (V.O.)

That's Hyatt, Frank B.... male
caucasian... 5 feet 9... 180 pounds.
He wholesales heroin... I don't know
who the cooze is. He changes them
every couple of weeks.

236 BACK TO SCENE

236

Spota takes a long drink from the bottle. A trickle of scotch runs down his chin and onto his shirt. He doesn't bother to wipe it off.

(CONTINUED)

236

CONTINUED:

236

Papa stops looking through the telescope. He remains on the deck.

PAPA

Why don't you put the gun away?

Spota starts to laugh.

SPOTA

Good, Papa... very good. Talk to the subject... calm him down.

(pause)

You know that prick sells dope to school children, and he lives in that house. He sees me here and he laughs his ass off. He throws pebbles up at me... I swear to Christ... he throws pebbles up at me. I come home at night and find them on the deck.

(pause)

Is that right?

Papa stares at him.

SPOTA

Come on... I'm asking you is that right?

PAPA

No.

SPOTA

Well, that's what I am... a pebble. After twenty years of riding cars with guys who smell as bad as I do... twenty years of chili dogs, ass-kissing... that's what I am... a pebble.

He drinks some more. Papa makes a slight move towards him. He cocks the gun with a loud click. Papa stops.

SPOTA

Well, guess what the pebble did? I took a little for myself, from the inventory room... that's what I did.

Papa closes his eyes. Spota takes another long drink from the now almost-empty bottle.

(CONTINUED)

236 CONTINUED: (2)

236

SPOTA

So I was tired of being an asshole,
and I sold some. And somebody got
busted, and somebody talked... and
guess who they're coming for?

Papa doesn't answer.

SPOTA

Come on, Papa... be a pal... take
a guess..

PAPA

Shit.

SPOTA

I think it's funny. It's really
funny. Some black and whites
are gonna pull up... and they're
gonna take me in..

(pause)

Would you go?

Papa shakes his head.

SPOTA

So I figured... I might as well do
it right. I'm gonna blow Hyatt,
Frank B.'s fuckin' head off... and
then I'll do me in.

PAPA

You're juiced.

SPOTA

Sure I'm drunk. You think I
could kill myself if I was sober?

The two of them look at each other.

SPOTA

There's another bottle behind the
couch somewhere. Let's finish it
off... then you go away.

Papa doesn't move.

SPOTA

You know I'm right. I can't go
to the slam. You know what they
do to cops. I put half of them
in there, for chrissake. Please,
Papa. Let's get shitfaced, and
then leave me along.

(CONTINUED)

236 CONTINUED: (3)

236

Papa wants to say something. He sees that tears are quietly running down Spota's cheeks. Papa gets up... very slowly... and with great weariness. He goes over to the couch, to get the bottle of scotch.

CUT TO:

237 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

237

Card game in progress with usual misfits. Dotty is cleaning and oiling the Lionel train. Tommy Price is still trying to get the TV to work. Papa enters, mostly drunk. First one he sees is Rocky, coming out of the kitchen with piece of chicken.

ROCKY

(cheerful)

Hi, Papa!

PAPA

Get out.

ROCKY

Huh?

PAPA

What are you, deaf?

(CONTINUED)

237

CONTINUED:

237

Rocky looks at him in bewilderment as Papa walks into living room, eyes cold. Dotty watches carefully, growing angry.

PAPA

All of you. Outa here.

BLACK

Hey, Papa, whasamatta witchoo, you crazy?

PAPA

Come on! Out! Now! Move.

BURGLAR

It's too early.

ROCKY

Where we gonna go?

INFORMER

He doesn't mean it.

MOVIE STAR

He's drunk.

INFORMER

He needs us.

TOMMY

I almost got the TV fixed.

PAPA

I like it broken.

Papa's shoving them towards the door.

ROCKY

Can we come back tomorrow?

Papa shoves out the last one. The Informer sticks his head back in.

INFORMER

Papa, you're blocking my car.

He tosses him his keys, slams the door. Turns. Stands there. Notices Dotty watching him.

DOTTY

Ralph, what's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

237

CONTINUED: (2)

237

PAPA

Tired of them... Goddammed
parasites.

He downs remaining booze in glass.

PAPA

Make me some coffee.

DOTTY

Make it yourself.

Long angry glare. Then Papa pours himself another
drink, totally self-absorbed. Dotty starts for the
bedroom and then hesitates. Sucking in her breath.
She braces one hand against the wall to steady herself.
Papa glances over.

PAPA

Contraction?

DOTTY

No, just a cramp. It's over.

He turns away, suddenly angry, and rights the chair
with a loud clatter.

DOTTY

You'd better get used to the
idea, Ralph. It's almost here.

PAPA

Don't you think I know that?

DOTTY

Knowing's one thing. Accepting's
another.

PAPA

(wheeling on her)

Gotta be crazy to bring a kid into
this garbage can world. You
should have aborted it.

She turns for the bedroom but he's drunk enough and
mean enough to grab her arm and swing her around.

PAPA

I asked you. I pleaded with
you --

DOTTY

(hard)

It wasn't your decision. It was
mine.

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED: (3)

PAPA

Seems to me there were two of
us involved!

DOTTY

Two of us don't get an abortion,
Ralph. Two of us don't climb
up on that table!

PAPA

So fine! Have your goodamn kid!

DOTTY

Our kid.

She looks at him with contempt. Turns, goes into the
bedroom and slams the door.

237A OMITTED

237A

237B ON PAPA

237B

He's built up a full head of steam, but even his anger
doesn't satisfy him. He storms out of the house.

237C ON DOTTY

237C

sitting on the edge of the bed. Rigid.

238 EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD STREET - NIGHT

238

The pavement reflects the brilliant neon flashes of
color from various bars. A pornographic movie theatre
glows at one end of the street. There are two massage
parlors next to it. The street is active with hookers,
and tourists trying to figure out who the hookers are.
Large billboards are floodlighted above the buildings
... all displaying eerie graphics of album covers.

238 CONTINUED:

238

A powder-blue Coupe De Ville pulls up to the curb and stops. Four black men get out of the car. They are all in a good mood... laughing, slapping each other's hands when one of them has told a joke. One of the men... wearing a Gaucho hat and skintight leather outfit... is Winston Blue. The quartet head for a bar halfway down the block.

239 INT. BAR - NIGHT

239

The atmosphere is a loud dense haze. The red fixtures, and the neon beer signs color the smoky air deep amber.

The patrons are a mixture of blacks, whites, and Chicanos. The bar itself is a very long dark wood bar, with a heavy metal rail. There are some tables... except most of the people are crowded around the bar.

Winston leads his little group to the bar. He jiggles his long thin body. His fine teeth flash a huge smile. He is bouncing to the MUSIC. He squeezes through a cluster of people, and makes his way to the bartender to order some drinks.

He beams. He taps on the bar to the MUSIC. He looks in the long mirror behind the bar. He comes as close as anyone can come to getting a heart attack.

Reflected in the mirror is Papa... sitting at the far end of the bar. In that brief instant... as luck would have it... Papa is looking in the mirror at the same time. He sees Winston. He smiles his little-boy smile at him. He motions with his index finger for Winston to come over to him.

Winston is a bolt of lightning in tight leather. He is all elbows and shiny boots... scrambling to get out of the bar.

He is almost at the door, when Papa grabs him... and almost lifts him off the floor by the back of his collar.

240 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

240

Winston flies out of the bar... in a mad dash to his car. He claws at the door handle of the Cadillac. His throat is making the sound of a strangled shriek.

Papa pushes out the door... and sees Winston's desperate attempt to get in the car.

(CONTINUED)

PAPA

Hello, Winston.

Winston does a little dance of frustration. Then he turns around to face Papa. He wears a terrified smile.

WINSTON

Hey, Papa... what you doin' around here, man?

Papa grabs him... spins him around... and frisks him against the car.

WINSTON

Awww, Papa... what you treat me like that for? You know I don't carry no heat. That ain't my style.

Papa turns him around again.

PAPA

Let's go.

WINSTON

(panicked)

Now? Right now?

Papa starts to lead him away.

WINSTON

Awww... Papa... please, man... give old Winston a break.

PAPA

You had your break.

Winston is being led like a child being dragged by his mother from the park, to go home for dinner.

WINSTON

Awww... man... you just can't do this to Winston... I ain't even dressed!

Papa keeps dragging him.

WINSTON

I gotta be in my best threads to meet the man!... you know that!

Papa doesn't pay any attention. Some people on the street have stopped to watch this little scene.

(CONTINUED)

240 CONTINUED: (2)

240

WINSTON

Okay... okay... okay... 3650 North
Alejo... Apartment 4-B.

PAPA

What's that?

WINSTON

My pad.

PAPA

I don't need your pad, I got you.

WINSTON

Papa, I'll be there at eight
o'clock in the morning... I swear,
man. Please. Give me till then...

PAPA

No!

WINSTON

I'm begging you! Winston can't
jus' go to the slammer without
no preparation. I got me some
goodbyes to make. I gotta have
time to lay some affection around.

*

Papa hesitates.

WINSTON

Winston won't let you down, Papa...
I'll be there. I won't skip on
you.

Papa studies Winston's pleading eyes. They are hard to
resist.

PAPA

Eight o'clock.

Winston's smile wraps around his head a couple of times.

WINSTON

Papa, you're a real nigger.

(CONTINUED)

240 CONTINUED: (3)

240

Winston dances away. Papa stays on the street, looking at the disappearing figure of Winston Blue. Turns and goes into bar.

241 INT. BAR - NIGHT

241

Papa takes a seat at the bar. The joint is busy. Nobody listens to the beautiful piano player. The BARTENDER gives Papa instant service.

BARTENDER

I heard about Spota. Terrible thing.

PAPA

I came here to drink, not to talk.

The Bartender looks at Papa, then silently pours a double scotch, on the rocks. Papa lights a cigarette.

241A EXT. BAR - NIGHT

241A

as Papa comes out, drunk. He gets behind the wheel of his car and massages his tired eyes. Then he turns on the ignition.

241B NEW ANGLE

241B

The car seems to explode. Not really -- there's no thunderclap of sound -- but a huge gush of smoke billows out from under the hood. Papa throws open the door and hurls himself to the ground.

241C ANOTHER ANGLE

241C

Passersby scatter. Papa rolls over, expecting the worst, but nothing happens. The gusts of smoke begin to drift away. Papa gets to his feet, walks around to the front of the car, and gingerly unlatches the hood. He lifts it. A residue of smoke wafts past his face.

241D NEW ANGLE

241D

as he reaches in and removes a smoke bomb. It's been carefully wired to the ignition. Papa tears out the wires and lets it fall in the gutter. He's rattled. He glares at the curious pedestrians until they go back about their business. Then, as he reaches up to close the hood, he sees...

(CONTINUED)

241D CONTINUED:

241D

... taped to the underside of the hood. It reads:
"YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL, PAPA. IT COULD HAVE
BEEN THE REAL THING... MASON..."

241E BACK TO PAPA

241E

tearing it off. Crumpling it. Balling it up in his
fist. He slams down the hood.

DISSOLVE TO:

242 EXT. MacARTHUR PARK - DAY

242

Papa is passed out on the front seat of his car in a
pretzel position. Slowly, he moans and stirs, indicat-
ing he's coming back to life. It's a hard trip.

243 PAPA

243

sits up, blinking in the bright morning haze. He sits
there, rubbing his bloodshot eyes. Cars move by. He
is parked on Sunset, beneath a giant billboard of KISS.
They look the way Papa feels.

PAPA

(pain, to himself)

Never gonna have another drink.
Never.

(CONTINUED)

243 CONTINUED:

243

Papa opens and closes his mouth. Notices a parking ticket on the windshield. Brain coming into focus now, he remembers.

PAPA
Winston. Shit.

The clock on the dash shows 7:25. Papa gets out of the car, moves to a pay phone outside liquor store. We SEE Papa's car is parked more on the sidewalk than the street.

244 EXT. LIQUOR STORE - PAY PHONE

244

PAPA
Fugitive Division.
(pause)
Lt. Hauser, please.
(pause)
When will he be back?
(pause)
Shit. All right... you can handle it. This is a simple pickup. Just have a black and white meet me at --
(pause)
Yes... go get a pencil.

245 EXT. ALEJO STREET - DAY

245

An old Hollywood street. Tall palm trees, that look like they were placed by a movie studio, curl gently upward. Neo-Spanish apartment buildings, that must have looked like they were made out of confectionary sugar many years ago... now have coke and cigarette machines in the lobby.

Papa's yellow Chevrolet chugs around the corner... and comes to a sudden stop. Papa opens the door, and looks out in disbelief.

The entire street is cordoned off. At least ten black and whites are lined up... their doors open, and a uniformed policeman with a gun crouched behind each one. Seven unmarked cars are also there. The total is at least forty-five POLICEMEN... with an arsenal that ranges from hand guns, to high-powered sniper rifles and tear-gas guns.

Papa is thunderstruck. He gets out of the car... and starts to walk through the barricade. A young blond PATROLMAN with sunglasses steps in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

245 CONTINUED:

245

PATROLMAN

I'm sorry, sir... you'll have to
move that car... and move away
from the area.

Papa squints at him.

PAPA

Who's in charge here?

PATROLMAN

Sergeant Werblow.

PAPA

Listen, sonny, you go get him and
bring him here.

There is something in the way Papa is saying this, that
makes the Patrolman obey.

Papa doesn't wait. He sees who the Patrolman is talking
to... and marches over to him.

PAPA

You Werblow?

The Plainclothesman turns around in surprise. WERBLOW
doesn't like this at all. *

WERBLOW

Sergeant Werblow. Who the hell
are you?

PAPA

I'm Thorson. This is my call. You
think you got the S.L.A. in there?

WERBLOW

We have an armed fugitive in there.

PAPA

Asshole...

He pushes by Werblow and grabs a bullhorn from one of
the black and whites.

PAPA

(through bullhorn)

Winston! It's Papa... and it's
past eight o'clock!

Werblow reaches Papa, and grabs the bullhorn from him.

(CONTINUED)

WERBLOW

Now, listen, buster... I don't know who you think you are except this is police business... and I'm going to throw your ass in jail if you don't...

VOICE

(calling from a distance)

Yoo-hoo.

Everybody turns around to the building in front of them. A top floor window is open... and a young black MAN is leaning out. He is stunning.

MAN

Don't make such a fuss, for heaven's sake. He's dressing!

The officers who are squinting through the sights of assorted guns, relax their grips... more confused than anything else.

Werblow is trying to put all of this in perspective. Papa glares at him.

PAPA

He's dressing.

CUT TO:

246 EXT. ALEJO STREET - A SHORT TIME LATER

246

The small army of policemen has been lounging by their cars. A crowd of onlookers has gathered behind the barricades.

The front door starts to open. The policemen snap to attention. Bolts are pulled back on rifles. Hammers are cocked on pistols. Pumps are sprung back on shotguns. You can SEE the tendons straining on the tightened hands gripping gun handles.

Papa is worried that some policemen will do something precipitious. The crowd of sightseers has stopped joking with each other, and has grown totally still... craning forward for a better look.

The front door swings open. There is Winston Blue... magnificent in a canary-yellow suit... a cream Panama hat... and lavender sunglasses. He poses in the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

246 CONTINUED:

246

The policemen are blank-faced.

Winston starts to sashay down the steps.

WINSTON

Where are them flashbulbs? I want
to see them flashbulbs poppin'.

The police can't believe their eyes. Papa smiles a
quiet smile of admiration. The crowd goes berserk.
They break into wild cheering.

Winston is carried by the SOUND of the CHEERING. He
stops in the middle of the street... and offers a regal
sweep of his hand to the crowd. Then he continues on.

WERBLOW

Hands high!

WINSTON

I know the procedure.

The crowd goes crazy again. Winston doffs his hat.
Papa loves it.

Winston arrives at the police line. Although the guns
are still trained on him... the officers are no longer
tense.

PAPA

You're beautiful.

WINSTON

I know that.

Papa starts to put handcuffs on Winston. Winston turns
to Werblow... while offering his wrists to Papa.

WINSTON

By the way, young man. Never wear
brown shoes with blue trousers.

CUT TO:

247 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

247

This is the basement booking section. A long, window-
less area that is the police equivalent of a hospital
emergency room... except it is criminals instead of
sick people. Everyone who works there has been out of
the sunlight so long... and is so overworked... that a
callousness has enveloped them... and is not turning
to cruelty.

(CONTINUED)

A crowded horseshoe desk is staffed with POLICEMEN in short sleeves typing forms with two fingers. A long series of benches is packed with arresting officers next to prisoners... relatives... children... and a kind of dazed confusion.

Papa is sitting next to Winston. Winston still has Papa's handcuffs on his thin wrists. He is casting a long wary stare at the frisking room... where a long-haired suspect is being brutally frisked by a Policeman. The suspect is being thrown against the far wall. His face shows resignation... not fear.

WINSTON

That's gonna be poor Winston.

PAPA

Just cooperate.

WINSTON

Don't make no difference. You smile... you shit... you jump... the pain's the same. I been this route.

The suspect is spun around.

PAPA

Listen... if you let them put you in the queen tank, it'll be easier.

WINSTON

I ain't no nelly faggot, Papa... you know that.

Papa looks at Winston. There is nothing he can say. The Policeman has finished with the suspect... and drags him by his collar out of the frisking room.

WINSTON

I hate this place. They're gonna ruin my clothes.

PAPA

You should have worn some old stuff.

WINSTON

Papa! You know I got no old threads. That's for other people.

The Policeman from the frisking room approaches.

(CONTINUED)

247

CONTINUED: (2)

247

WINSTON

Uh-oh.

POLICEMAN

Winston Blue?

WINSTON

That's who you got.

POLICEMAN

On your feet, buddy. Whose cuffs.

PAPA

Mine.

The Policeman takes the key from Papa... and very roughly unlocks the cuffs... hurting Winston's wrists. He shoves Winston towards the frisking room.

WINSTON

See you around, Papa.

PAPA

Yeah. Come by.

WINSTON

Waste of time, Papa. Stealin' cars is in my blood. I mean I'm from Detroit... you know that.

POLICEMAN

Knock it off, spook. Stomach to the wall.

He throws Winston in the frisking room. He goes about frisking him in such a way as to ruin Winston's clothes... and cause him pain. The Policeman is enjoying it.

Winston just keeps staring straight ahead... trying to endure it as long as he can.

Papa is standing up... watching from the doorway. Winston looks back over his shoulder at Papa. He gives Papa a sad smile. Papa tries to smile back.

248

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

248

Papa comes in. The television set is still apart. Papa moves insecurely through the living room. Hears a noise in the kitchen. Gotta face Dotty sometime.

249

KITCHEN

249

Tommy Price has a glass GE TOASTER apart, trying to put it back together. The clock on the wall shows 7:25. Tommy looks up as Papa comes in. He gives Papa his best smile.

TOMMY

Morning, Pops.

PAPA

...Thought I threw you out.

TOMMY

Yeah, but I knew you didn't mean it.

PAPA

...What are you doing to the toaster?

TOMMY

Fixing it.

PAPA

First, fixt the tv.

He affectionately jabs Tommy and leaves.

250

INT. BEDROOM

250

Dotty is dressed for work. Just finishes making the bed. As Papa comes in she glances at him without a word. Dotty is pissed, and he knows it. He greets her with a nod of his head and a guilty little boy smile.

DOTTY

...Did you get lucky last night?

PAPA

Do I look lucky?

DOTTY

Never.

As she moves past him.

PAPA

You're mad, aren't you.

DOTTY

I'm late for work.

(CONTINUED)

250

CONTINUED:

250

PAPA

Let's not fight, okay.

DOTTY

Go to hell.

PAPA

I can explain about.

DOTTY

I don't want to hear it!

PAPA

Give me a chance to...

DOTTY

All the crap I put up with from you! For what?

PAPA

I try to...

DOTTY

You don't want me. You don't want the baby. Well, we don't want you.

She SLAMS out the door.

CUT TO:

250A

ON PAPA

250A

staring at the empty room in astonishment and pain. Then he shoves his hands in his pockets, walks around the room, scowling. Considering the alternatives. Finally he grunts, flops down on the bed, on his back, glaring at the ceiling.

250B

ANOTHER ANGLE - TIGHT

250B

Papa's asleep. Shades down. A hand reaches through the open window. A face pokes through. It is Richie. He whispers:

RICHIE

Papa.

Papa wakes up, instantaneously, gun drawn. Looks at Richie. Plops back down.

251

EXT. PAPA'S HOUSE - RICHIE OUTSIDE WINDOW

251

stands balanced on garbage can. Has container of coffee.

RICHIE

Not bad for a guy over the hill.

PAPA

(murmurs)

You're a fuckin' nightmare.

RICHIE

Let me in, I brought you coffee.

PAPA

What time is it?

RICHIE

Two-twenty.

(CONTINUED)

251 CONTINUED:

251

PAPA

What day is it?

RICHIE

A beautiful day. Up and at 'em,
Papa.

PAPA

I'm tired.

RICHIE

I don't understand why I knock
myself out trying to help you.
You got a kid coming, all kinds
of bills --

PAPA

She's gone.

RICHIE

What?! This is terrible. What'd
you do to her? *

PAPA

Nothing. *

RICHIE

She was nuts about you. She was
the best thing ever happened to
you --

PAPA

She was a pain in the ass.

RICHIE

I'm coming in.

Pours Papa the coffee, heaves his ponderous body onto
the windowsill, edges one knee over. Precarious.

251A INT. BEDROOM

251A

Papa watches, irritated, until Richie begins to fall
backwards, face blanching, nails digging into rotten
wood, body scrambling.

At the last possible moment, Papa grabs him and pulls
him in. Richie collapses on the bed.

PAPA

You spilled my coffee.

251B INT. KITCHEN

251B

The KETTLE is WHISTLING. Papa finds some instant, reads the directions, turns off the water, measures the coffee with a teaspoon into two mugs, pours the water -- during:

RICHIE

You can always get a woman back
with a lot of money. Believe me.
And I'm here to offer you a lot
of money. For Anthony Bernardo.
(with feeling)
Eight big ones. You met his
parents.

*

*

PAPA

I don't want her back, Richie.

*

RICHIE

You don't wanna hear this but
you're gonna hear this. A grown
man is no more than his family.
Your kids, your old lady,
headaches always, but they're
who you are...

*

(tastes the coffee, |
makes a face)

You, maybe you have a job, maybe
you don't. What does it matter,
who does it matter to? Tell me.
Nobody. Like litter in the street.

Papa looks at him, scowling over his coffee cup.

RICHIE

Dotty made this place make sense.
She made you make sense. You
don't need that?

Richie puts the ticket on the counter, dumps his coffee
out.

RICHIE

Even your coffee's lousy.

*

Long beat. Then Papa picks up the tickets.

PAPA

I'll get Bernardo.

252 OMITTED
thru
276

252
thru
276

276A INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

276A

Dotty is reaching U.S. History. A packed room of teenagers, but she has their attention. Dotty leans/sits on front of her desk. There is the give and take that occurs an interesting teacher and an interested class.

She looks over as the door inches open. Papa smiles in at her.

DOTTY

Excuse me, please.

She walks over to the door. The class immediately breaks out in chaos.

276B PAPA AND DOTTY

276B

DOTTY

Yes?

PAPA

I gotta go to Chicago.

DOTTY

So?

PAPA

...I did the marketing.

DOTTY

You interrupted my class.

PAPA

...Sorry. I'll be back in a few days.

DOTTY

Well, I may not be there.

She abruptly returns to her class leaving Papa staring at the door she has just slammed.

277 EXT. O'HARE AIRPORT - DAWN

277

A United Airlines DC-10 settles down on the runway at O'Hare Airport in Chiago, with an ear-splitting WHINE. The bulbous black tires sag on impact... and make puffs of white smoke as the aircraft touches down.

278 INT. AVIS COUNTER - DAY

278

Papa... carrying a small duffle bag... signs for the Avis car. He gets a smile from the lacquered brunette in the red suit behind the counter.

279 EXT. LAKE SHORE DRIVE - DAY

279

It is one of those muggy days in Chicago where everything seems to weigh more than it does anyplace else. The clouds dotting the sky are low and thick puffs of whire. Papa's rented Camero comes down the expressway leading to town from O'Hare Airport. We see the Chicago skyline with the world's tallest buildings as the Camera pans with Papa's car.

The Camero comes off the express way in the loop and turns north.

Camero turns inland... past the Michigan Avenue that is on all of the convention brochures and Lake Shore Drive... and passes through the endless miles of squat crowded brick buildings that aren't on the brochures. There are enclaves of Polish, Itilian, Irish, and black. Each has its own definite boundaries.

280 OMITTED
thru
282

280
thru
282

282A EXT. KENMORE - UPTOWN CHICAGO - DAY

282A

This is an area which after W. W. I was lovely, expensive and Victorian. But now is partially burned down, partially abaonded and thickly populated by a mixture of black, Latin, Indian and Appalachian hillbillies. The camera starts on a building. The address reads 4118-20 and is a five story building with stone steps leading to a rather Victorian entrance. As we pull back we see the burned out shell of a building next door.

Papa's Camero enters from left and dirves slowly past the buildings to the corner. This is Buena Vista Circle. Once a beautiful residential area - it is now empty lots. A small latin grocery and a sad little children's playground.

Papa parks the car... and turns off the ignition. He looks at the folder that Richie gave him. Papa exits car. He dressed in a windbreaker and could pass for a resident of this area. He walks briskly down Kenmore Avenue to 411-20. He goes quickly up stairs in to door of building.

282B OMITTED

282B

282C OMITTED

282C

282D OMITTED

292D

282E INT. APT. HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR

282E

The hall is deserted. Papa goes rapidly up the stairs.

282F INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING

282F

The steps are dark brown wood... with that strange thin faded maroon carpeting that seems to be in old brown-stones.

The stairs make soft CREAKING SOUNDS, as Papa ascends.

Papa looks down the narrow hallway, checking apartment numbers.

283 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - THIRD FLOOR

283

Papa coems along, checking apartment numbers. Stops at the one he wants. Pauses one monent, pulls his pistol, then with a swift violent move... kicks the door in.

283A INT. APT.

283A

It's tiny. Consists of a small hall which splits into a small, musty living-bedroom and a kitchen. Doors can close from hall to kitchen, etc. There is a small day bed in the hall. Bernado has been watching TV in bedroom, from the day bed in hall. As door break in, Bernado dives into kitchen slamming door behind him. Papa braces himself against left wall of hall and starts to inch himself deeper into apartment, when:

284 SHOTGUN BLAST

284

BLOWS the kitchen door to hell. Scares the shit out of Papa. Waits some seconds, takes a deep breath, then plunges through the door into kitchen.

285 INT. KITCHEN

285

It's empty. A double-barreled shotgun lays on the floor, still smoking. Papa races thorough the kitchen to the window that looks out over back alley and elevated train tracks. Papa goes to it and looks out.

286 EXT. BLACK ALLEY - POV

286

There is a wooden outside staircase leading down to back alley. Deserted except for elevated train barrel-ing past. CAMERA PANS UP and SEES a figure just as it swings from the top of a balustrade which goes from outside staircase to roof.

(CONTINUED)

286 CONTINUED:

286

Papa dashes through door leading to staircase and boosts himself up balustrade to roof.

287 EXT. ROOF #1

287

Papa swings onto the roof with a clatter. The figure is on the other side of the roof... leaping over the divider to an adjacent roof. Papa takes off across the roof after him.

288 EXT. ADJOINING ROOF - #2

288

Papa vaults over the divider to the next roof. The two men... about 200 feet apart... race wildly across the roofs... through the forest of chimneys and air vents.

289 EXT. ANOTHER ROOF - #3

289

There is a horrible gap of about fifteen feet between the two buildings. A rubbish filled alley is below.

The figure... who is obviously BERNADO... leaps across... scrambles to his feet... and continues running.

Papa... who is gaining slightly... jumps. His feet slip as he takes off. He missed the jump... and falls short. He grabs the ledge of the far roof... with a deep grunt... as the full weight of his body pulls on his shoulders. His feet dangle straight down towards the alley below.

Papa pulls himself up... and climbs onto the roof. Papa scans the roof in time to see that Bernado has come to another wider separation between buildings. Just too wide to jump. Bernado has found a railing leading down to another outside staircase. He disappears down railing.

Papa races to the railing and lets himself down.

290 EXT. STAIRWAY BUILDING #3

290

Papa is thundering down the steep ancient wooden stairwell. He can hear the commotion of Bernado's FOOT-STEPS down below.

291 ANOTHER ANGLE

291

Bernado is running like a crazy person. He leaps over the bannister... and starts down the next flight of stairs... in an endless dizzying circle... right turn after right turn... Bernado gaining a little time by his total disregard for his own safety.

292 ANOTHER ANGLE

292

At the bottom of the stairs... Bernado leaps to ground and runs into alley and under the elevated tracks.

Papa comes out of Building #3 and chases after Bernado.

293 EXT. ALLEYWAY

293

Trains barrel overhead creating a weird strobing effect on the two men running underneath track.

Bernado's eyes are wild brown circles. His mouth is contorted jagged line. His neck is a series of deep lines... as the tendons and muscles strain at the skin. He is running with a stark blind fury.

Papa is running with an athletic grace that doesn't compensate for his age. His breathing is becoming more labored. His chest is starting to heave. This is a man chasing a crazed young animal.

293A ANOTHER ANGLE

293A

The running Bernado comes to a solid obstruction of tall wire mesh strung across entire back alley. It has a small opening on one side of it. Bernado goes through opening to small alley which leads to main street.

294 EXT. MAIN STREET (BELMONT STREET)

294

Bernado bursts onto a main thoroughfare. It is the rush hour... and the street is jammed with cars and pedestrians. Bernado plows through the people... actually knocking some of them over.

Papa has lost sight of Bernado. However... he can see the commotion in Bernado's wake. Heads are turned in the direction of the far

Papa fights his way through the crowd... making the best progress he can... except he is not willing to smash into an elderly woman... so he has to twist and slide through the obstacles.

Bernado veers at the corner... and starts across the street. The traffic is against him. Bernado doesn't miss a step. He simply plunges into the oncoming vehicles. He is oblivious to any danger to himself... or to anyone else.

(CONTINUED)

294 CONTINUED:

294

There is a chorus of SCREECHING BRAKES and BLARING HORNS as a bus almost drives up onto the sidewalk to avoid him. A taxicab vainly tries to stop... and skids into the intersection. Bernado bounces off the front fender... and sprawls on the pavement. He claws at the asphalt... and struggles to his feet.

Papa is near the corner... in time to see Bernado start to run through the stalled traffic... towards the far intersection. Papa takes off after him... through the aisles of cars and buses, and into elevated station.

295 EXT. ELEVATED SUBWAY STATION (BELMONT STREET STATION) 295

Bernado crashes through the obedient crowd of people who are trudging up the covered green metal stairs to an elevated subway station. He takes the steps two and three at a time.

Papa is at the bottom of the steps... which seem endless... when Bernado is ramming his way through the crowd at the top. Bernado has actually pushed someone down the steps... and a middle-aged man is bloodied in the middle of the stairway.

296 EXT. ELEVATED PLATFORM 296

Bernado barrels his way towards the waiting train. The cars are packed with rush hour commuters... already wilted by the day's work and heat. Bernado rips at the shoulder of two people trying to enter the car... throwing them back. They are too startled to do anything. He enters through front door of first car.

Papa has reached the platform... brushing against bodies as he works his way into doors at back of first train. He gets in just as doors close and train lurches to a start.

297 INT. CAR 297

Papa peers through standing passengers and spots Bernado at front of car. He starts toward him.

297A ANOTHER ANGLE 297A

Bernado, who has been trying to hide in the crowded car, sees that Papa is coming for him. With one hand he pulls pistol from a pocket, with the other he grabs a young child who has been standing nearby with its mother. The child screams -- the mother screams. Passengers turn to source of screams and see the crazed Bernado, gun in hand. Screams of terror, as people duck to ground, and try to get out of his line of fire.

297B ANOTHER ANGLE 297B

Papa falls to floor as Bernado FIRES twice. The train conductor screams in pain as the first bullet enters his shoulder. The second bullet catches a passenger in the neck sending blood spurting over nearby people.

297C ANOTHER ANGLE 297C

Papa crawls to back end of car.

297D ANOTHER ANGLE

297D

Motorman who is in glassed-in cage is so shocked by this. His hand has come off his lever. The train is coming to a stop.

Bernado turns to motorman pointing gun at his head.

BERNADO

Don't stop, man!

Motorman comes to -- grabs lever. The train picks up speed.

BERNADO

Don't stop at stations, don't slow down. Don't change nothin'. You got that?

The frightened motorman can barely nod.

297E EXT. CAR

297E

Papa has reached back door of car and opened it. He's now between cars. Papa tries to open door to other car. It's stuck. He looks back.

298 INT. CAR

298

Bernado, child in hand. Has started working his way, through the thoroughly cowed people, toward the back of the car.

299 EXT. CAR

299

Papa looks to top sides of car, sees something he can grip and decides he has no place to go but up. He grimaces as he pulls himself up... using all his strength to fight the wind and the swaying of the car.

300 INT. TRAIN

300

Bernado is about ten feet away... when he sees Papa lift himself in the rear door window. ~~He raises his gun~~ and FIRES at the window. The passengers scream in terror.

301 EXT. TRAIN

301

Papa lurches sideways... as the pane of GLASS SHATTERS.

302 INT. TRAIN

302

Bernado FIRES the gun again. The passengers try to stampede away... except there is no room for them to move anywhere.

303 EXT. TRAIN

303

Papa scrambles onto a catwalk on the top of the car... to avoid the window and Bernado's line of sight.

304 INT. TRAIN

304

Bernado stumbles towards the back window.

305 EXT. TRAIN

305

Papa holds onto trolley poles which are attached from the center of the car. He tries to swing his body upward... however the force of the wind and the jerking of the car make it impossible.

306 INT. TRAIN

306

Bernado is just about at the rear window.

307 EXT. TRAIN

307

We can SEE Bernado through the window... gun in hand. Papa feels the full blast of the wind now... totally unprotected by the car.

The train roars over the elevated tracks... through downtown Chicago... into the Loop area. The outer railing is only two feet from the side of the car. Papa is barely missing hitting it. The train passes between taller buildings. Papa is actually whizzing by office windows.

308 INT. CAR

308

Bernado points the gun out the window. He cannot see Papa. He opens door and goes out between cars.

309 EXT. CAR

309

Bernado, still holding child, is between cars. He grabs side grips and slowly raises himself up.

(CONTINUED)

309 CONTINUED:

309

Papa has managed to free one hand and pull gun from his pocket. He sees the top of Bernado's head coming up between and FIRES an unsteady shot.

Bernado drops between cars, as BULLET HITS the top of the first car and RICOCHETS off the top of the second.

309A INT. TRAIN

309A

Bernado comes back into car.

Bernado starts FIRING at the roof where he believes Papa is planted. People bellow like cattle in the slaughtering pens, crushed together and panicked.

309B EXT. TRAIN

309B

Papa is lying flat on the metal roof... trying not to be blown off.

A huge metal HOLE TEARS upwards near his face... ANOTHER near his hand. He tries to move forward... except it is too hard to gain any traction. By gripping the trolley poles, he can move to middle of car.

309C INT. TRAIN

309C

Bernado keeps FIRING.

309D EXT. TRAIN

309D

as Papa gets to center of car. The train passes two overhead walkways -- so tight to the top of the car, it forces Papa to hug tightly against the top of car.

309E INT. TRAIN

309E

Bernado wildly continues to FIRE into the roof, as he walks to center of car.

309F EXT. CAR

309F

BULLET HOLES BURST through top of car. Papa grabs hold of front trolley poles and crawls along them to front of car.

(CONTINUED)

309F CONTINUED:

309F

Just as he comes to front end of poles, the train takes a sharp turn to the left as it comes to a curve. (Just past Sheridan Street Station.) The trolley poles suddenly come loose and swing out over the side, carrying a surprised Papa, barely able to hold on. The motion of the train swings him from side to side.

310 INT. TRAIN

310

Bernado has Papa helpless and squarely in his sight. He pulls the trigger. There is a CLICK... and no shot. Bernado wildly pulls the trigger again and again. The clip is empty. He rips at his jacket pocket... and takes out another clip.

311 EXT. TRAIN

311

Papa desperately claws at the side of the car... and the thin moulding along the window... to gain a footing of some kind. He can see Bernado... and Bernado can see him. It is a race... to see if he can get out of the line of fire before Bernado can reload the gun.

312 INT. TRAIN

312

Bernado has snapped the clip in the gun.

313 EXT. TRAIN

313

Through sheer will... Papa has swung away from the window... and pulled his body onto the roof of the car. His legs are still dangling over the window.

314 INT. TRAIN

314

Bernado FIRES. The WINDOW SHATTERS.

315 EXT. TRAIN

315

Shards of glass fly outwards. The BULLETS just miss Papa as he swings his legs on the roof.

316 INT. TRAIN

316

Bernado starts FIRING at the roof.

317 EXT. TRAIN

317

Papa is lying flat on the metal roof... trying not to be blown off.

A huge metal HOLE TEARS upwards near his face... ANOTHER near his hand.

318 INT. TRAIN

318

Bernado keeps FIRING.

319 EXT. TRAIN (ELEVATED TO UNDERGROUND)

319

Papa looks forward. He sees the yawning black mouth of an approaching tunnel. This is where the elevated train goes underground.

Papa presses the side of his face against the metal... trying to be as flat as possible. The tunnel swallows the train with an ear-shattering roar.

The space between the roof of the train and the ceiling of the tunnel is the width of Papa's body, and a few inches. Every ten feet there is an overhead light... that screams by in an angry yellow white flash. Papa's contorted face goes from hot yellow to black... back to yellow and then to black again... every second and a half.

320 INT. TRAIN (UNDERGROUND)

320

The cars are now lit by the greenish fluorescent tubes that wink on and off as the train passes over gaps in the track. Bernado is ranting at the ceiling. There is the acrid stench of powder and smoke from the revolver.

The train is about to come into station. The motorman looks at Bernado inquiringly. Bernado grips child tighter -- puts muzzle of gun against her face so hard it makes her scream.

BERNADO

Don't stop, man... or I'll kill
her!... I'll blow her head
off!

Motorman winces as he sees the pain in the child's face. She can't stop crying.

(CONTINUED)

320 CONTINUED:

320

Bernado starts toward back of car dragging his hostage along with him.

321 INT. STATION - UNDERGROUND

321

People wait to board train. It hurtles out of the darkness. People are shocked to see Papa holding on to top of train. The train disappears into the tunnel.

322 EXT. TRAIN - UNDERGROUND

322

Papa is pinned down. It is impossible for him to move in any direction.

323 INT. TRAIN - UNDERGROUND

323

Bernado has reached back of car. He suddenly pulls the red emergency stop lever. The train comes to a sudden severe stop. Throwing passengers in all directions.

324 EXT. TRAIN - UNDERGROUND

324

As the train comes to sudden and unexpected stop, Papa is almost knocked off train, barely able to hang on.

It is suddenly, eerily silent as the train just sits in the tunnel.

Papa is unable to see anything of what's going on in the train.

325 EXT. DOOR BETWEEN CARS - UNDERGROUND

325

The door opens, Bernado backs out of car. He suddenly shoves child forward, then jumps off car onto tracks and starts running down the right side of track.

Papa has heard this... he moves to left side of car and lets himself down onto safety walk which goes along left side of tunnel.

(NOTE: These are one track tunnels, the other track is separated by a wall which is broken every few hundred feet by a short passageway to the other track.)

326 EXT. TRACK - UNDERGROUND

326

Bernado runs along track. He comes to passageway with sign above it which reads: "TO EMERGENCY EXIT." He turns to go into passageway, looks back.

Papa can be SEEN running along safety walk, just beyond train.

Bernado FIRES twice, misses Papa, but making a helluva racket. Bernado disappears in passageway.

Papa follows Bernado to passageway.

326A INT. 2ND TUNNEL - UNDERGROUND

326A

Bernado emerges from passageway and hops up onto safety-walk which is on opposite wall of second tunnel. Twenty feet away is a spiral staircase with sign reading: "EMERGENCY EXIT." Bernado runs to it, starts to climb... then sees Papa emerging from passageway as Bernado FIRES. Papa ducks behind passageway wall. Bernado FIRES, AGAIN, then -- CLICK, CLICK -- he's out of ammunition and has no more clips. He throws his gun away, then starts up staircase.

Papa has heard all this. He's got Bernado now. He emerges from passageway just as a train comes hurtling down the track, it blocks him from crossing the track momentarily. Train passes. Bernado has disappeared up staircase. Papa runs to spiral staircase and starts up.

326B INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE

326B

Bernado climbs staircase. Round and round. It goes up over 100 feet.

Papa climbing. He can hear the POUNDING of Bernado's FEET on the steps above him.

They both spin round and round on this tight staircase.

326C INT. TOP OF STAIRCASE

326C

There is a large door with sign above it reading: "EXIT TO STREET."

Bernado gets to door, pulls it open and exits.

326D EXT. LOWER WACKER STREET

326D

This is one of number of such streets in downtown Chicago. It is a sort of fast road built underneath the bustling downtown traffic. It's heavily used because you can get from one end of downtown to the other rapidly.

Bernado runs across the street. He is oblivious of cars coming in both directions. Drivers jam on brakes to avoid him, cars behind spin out to avoid crashing into cars in front of him. Bernado gets to other side of road, runs to opening which leads to Chicago River.

Papa exits door just in time to see Bernado disappear toward river. Papa's exhausted -- and winded, but he goes after Bernado.

326E EXT. MARINA TOWERS BOAT DOCK AREA

326E

Bernado comes running in. He makes his way along a catwalk over boats tied to their docks. It looks as though there's a staircase up to the street at the end of the catwalk.

Papa reaches the area. He sees Bernado up ahead. Papa runs along boats to a staircase, up to the catwalk, on the far end of dock.

Bernado climbs staircase at end of catwalk. He climbs up stairs, but gate leading to street (Michigan Avenue) is locked and barred. On his left is the roof of a building. He climbs on that roof. It's really the entry plaza for the Marina Towers.

326F EXT. MARINA TOWERS ENTRY PLAZA

326F

A few cars parked nearby -- a tow truck has just entered and is lining up with a disabled car. In the background is a bustle of activity. A guard booth on an island. On either side, roads lead up and down from the ramp where cars are driven by attendants, to be parked. The first nineteen floors of this fascinating, round apartment building are for parking.

Bernado spies a man, maybe an executive of the complex, walking to a car nearby.

326G EXT. CAR

326G

Man gets into car, inserts key.

(CONTINUED)

326G CONTINUED:

326G

Suddenly he is jerked from the car, thrown to ground. Bernado gets into car. Starts and drives off.

326H EXT. ENTRY PLAZA

326H

Papa has climbed onto plaza, he sees Bernado take off in car. He looks around. Sees tow truck.

326J EXT. TOW TRUCK

326J

The driver has just lined up with car. He gets out and goes to back cable, which he will attach to disabled car.

Papa runs to truck. Climbs into cab, starts motor and goes off, leaving stunned driver.

326K EXT. GUARD BOOTH

326K

Road is blocked by traffic and two enormous delivery trucks. Bernado is stuck. He honks horn loudly to no avail. He looks back, sees Papa coming after him in tow truck, plus the man whose car he's driving, chasing after him.

Bernado takes the only avenue open to him. On his left is the ramp leading up to parking spaces. He goes for it.

326L EXT. PARKING RAMP

326L

You drive round and round and up the 19 floors. Cars are parked at angles overlooking the river, and city. It's precipitous and scary, so -- only attendants drive the cars here. The only way in and out of this building. -- Other than walking is a small manlift, partially hidden from sight.

Bernado tears up this winding ramp, always looking for exits and -- there are none. Higher and higher he goes, banging into cars, angle parked, as well as a few that are being driven down the ramp.

326M ANGLE - TOW CAR

326M

The tow car goes up and around after Bernado. Much slower and more cautiously, hitting only an occasional parked car.

326N ANGLE ON BERNADO

326N

The car makes turn into 19th floor and is abruptly stopped by what was a car wash. It's abandoned now. It covers the width of the entire ramp and serves as a dead end for the parking facility. That's the end of the road. Bernado turns the car around quickly and starts down the ramp at high speed.

326P ANGLE ON PAPA

326P

He continues upward as rapidly as he can.

326Q ANGLE ON BERNADO

326Q

The car circles speedily, and crazily downward. As car turns to riverside, Bernado sees Papa in tow truck coming around the bend just below him.

326R ANGLE ON PAPA

326R

He sees Bernado coming at him. They're not far from each other.

326S EXT. 15TH FLOOR

326S

The car and tow truck are almost on top of each other. Bernado has lost control of the car.

Papa, in the last moment, swerves the tow truck to the left. Bernado's car sideswipes the truck, spins to its left through low chain fence and goes over the side.

326T EXT. MARINE TOWERS

326T

The car comes off the ramp and falls 15 stories into the Chicago River. It seems to float through the Chicago skyline, and take forever to hit the water. The car lands with an enormous splash. People run out to the river's edge, the bridges, wherever they can get a view of this strange happening. After some seconds the figure of Bernado bobs to the top of the water. Hurt, but alive. A motorman leaves the marina dock to rescue him.

326U ANGLE ON PAPA

326U

He looks out over the ramp edge.

(CONTINUED)

326U CONTINUED:

326U

He's exhausted. And relieved. It's over.

CUT TO:

327
thru
380

OMITTED

327
thru
380

381 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

381

Papa's car comes around a curve. Papa SMILES as he sees his house, light on. Dotty's home.

382 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

382

Papa comes skipping up lawn. Dog greets him with usual growl.

PAPA

(cheery)

How ya doin', mutt? Miss me?

Papa goes in.

383 INT. LIVING ROOM - TOTAL SHAMBLES

383

Furniture overturned. Lamps on floor. Bookcases toppled. Television is ON and the picture is perfect. Papa quickly takes it all in.

PAPA

Dotty!

Instinctively takes out his gun. Moves through. A soft voice calls.

VOICE

...papa...

Papa moves to behind sofa. It's Tommy Price. He's beat up bad.

PAPA

Jesus, kid.

TOMMY

He got her at the school, Papa.
Crazy guy named Mason... Said
you know him. Said he was gonna
kill her if you didn't come alone.
I'm sorry, Papa, I tried to stop him.

(CONTINUED)

383

CONTINUED:

383

PAPA
You did good, Tommy.

CUT TO:

383A

OMITTED

383A

384

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

384

The enormous hulk of the high school looms black in the moonlight. It is an older brick school building... with columns flanking the front steps... and ornate windows. The light from a street lamp spills on the entrance. Except for that light... the building is dark. There are no lights on inside... save for the emergency bulbs in the stairwell.

Papa's car roars up in the wrong gear. He drives up the walk to the stairs, leaves his car, door open, races to the building.

Papa tries the front door. It is open.

385 INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

385

The large wood and glass front DOOR SQUEAKS reluctantly open. Papa steps in the main floor. There is a glow of light coming from the stairwell. Otherwise... the floor is streaked with twisted moonlight coming from the multi-paneled windows. The result is a series of irregular patches of cold light... and bizarre shadows ... bouncing off the tile floors and walls.

Papa is trying to adjust his eyes to the dark. He listens for a sound. There is none. He starts to make his way down the hall.

386 INT. HALL

386

Papa is silently making his way down the hall. Suddenly, he hears a bloodcurdling woman's scream.

VOICE

PaaaPaaa!

Papa freezes. He is trying to locate where Dotty is. He starts to run towards the stairwell.

387 INT. STAIRWELL

387

Papa knows that the sound came from upstairs. He is racing up the staircase. His footsteps echo off the metal and tile of the old building.

388 SECOND FLOOR

Papa bursts through the swinging glass and wood doors from the stairwell to the second floor. He stops. Papa cocks his head slightly... trying to hear.

VOICE

Paaaaapaaaa!!

The scream is terrifying... made all the more so by the ECHO of the hollow building. It RICOCHETS up and down the hallway.

Papa spins and fades the other way. He starts to run down to the far end of the hall.

389 SECOND FLOOR

389

Papa reaches the door to the classroom at the end of the hall. He crouches below the window in the door.

390 INT. SECOND FLOOR

390

Papa slowly brings his head up to window level. He looks inside the classroom.

391 INT. CLASSROOM

391

Dark but Papa can vaguely make out the figure of Dotty seated at her desk -- she's bound and gagged. Papa enters and goes to her.

PAPA

Dotty.

The LIGHTS CLICK on:

392 MASON

392

Pops up from rear of room. He has an M16 levelled at Papa.

MASON

Get away from her.

(CONTINUED)

392 CONTINUED:

392

Mason moves down the aisle towards Papa.

MASON

Throw me your gun.

PAPA

I'm clean.

MASON

Let's see!

Papa pats himself down. Raises his shirt and turns a circle.

MASON

Pull up your pants leg.

Papa does. ' There's a gun.

MASON

Slide it along the floor!

Papa does. The gun bangs off a desk leg.

MASON

Other leg.

Papa frowns. Lifts his jeans. Slides that gun away too.

MASON

That's more like it. Now, I'm gonna kill you.

PAPA

Let the lady go. She didn't do anything to you.

MASON

(giggles)
She's gonna watch...

393 SECURITY GUARD

393

opens rear classroom door. He wears a uniform and cap.

GUARD

What the hell's going on here?
What are you...

394 MASON

394

wheels and FIRES. Guard gets blown away in a FUSILLADE of FIRE.

395 PAPA

395

dives for front door. Mason catches him out of the corner of his eye. He SPRAYS the door, but misses Papa.

396 INT. HALLWAY

396

Papa races down the hallway as fast as he can. Mason leaps out of the room. He FIRES.

397 INT. HALLWAY

397

The M-16 SHATTERS the tile... in a shower of sparks. The TRACERS rip into metal lockers that line one wall. The glass leading to the stairs splinter with a CRASH.

Papa makes it to the stairs just in time.

398 INT. STAIRS

398

Papa bounds up the steps two and three at a time.

399 INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY

399

Papa dives out of the stairway... and runs down the hallway. He tries the door leading to a classroom. They are locked. He tries the door to another classroom. It is locked.

(CONTINUED)

399 CONTINUED:

399

Mason is getting closer.

Papa tries another door. It is locked. Mason is almost at the top of the stairs. Papa takes his fist... rears back... and smashes it into the window at the top of a classroom door. He reaches in... cutting his hand... and unlocks the door.

400 INT. CLASSROOM

400

It is a science lab room. Long stone troughs run in rows across the room. Tall stools are lined under them. There are a series of thin copper pipes that are mounted in the troughs.

The moonlight rakes across the troughs... and the huge displays of test tubes and beakers.

Papa closes the door behind him.

MASON (V.O.)

Hey, Papa... I'm gonna kill you.

He laughs.

Papa keeps low. He goes over to the first line of troughs. He turns a knob on one of the copper pipes. A thin stream of water spills down. He turns it off. He tries the next knob. There is a HISSING SOUND. Papa lights a match and places it next to the pipe. A blue flame shoots up. It is a gas bunsen burner.

Papa turns it off. The flame goes out. He then turns it back on again. There is the HISS of GAS... and no flame. He turns the next one on.

401 ANOTHER ANGLE

401

Papa is going down row after row... turning on the gas in all of the bunsen burners. There is a GROWING HISS in the room. It is starting to get a bit difficult for him to breath.

402 INT. HALLWAY

402

Mason is creeping down the hallway.

MASON

Hey, Thorson. I'm coming for you.

403 INT. HALLWAY

403

Mason is checking inside the various classrooms. He is one classroom away from where Papa is.

404 INT. CLASSROOM

404

Papa crawls towards the back door of the room.

405 INT. HALLWAY

405

Mason sees the broken glass... with a trace of blood on it in the door window.

MASON

Ooooooh, Papa. Know where yooooooo
aaaaarrrr.

He giggles. He grabs the door handle... and opens the door.

406 INT. CLASSROOM

406

Papa can see the door open. He opens the back door. Every sound seems like an avalanche to him. He has the door open just a crack.

Mason has entered the room.

Papa is crouched at the feet of a standing skeleton. It is suspended on a pole... that is on wheels.

407 INT. CLASSROOM

407

Papa kicks the back door open... and in the same motion... he hurtles the standing skeleton across the room on its wheels. The human form of the skeleton skates across the room.

408 INT. CLASSROOM

408

Papa dives out of the room... just as Mason FIRES the M-16. There is a brief shower of flame and sparks from the muzzle... and four or five hot streaks from the tracers... before the gas in the room ignites.

409 INT. HALLWAY

409

Papa has tumbled into the hallway... when the door to the science room blows out.

(CONTINUED)

409 CONTINUED:

409

There is a blinding yellow orange ball of flame. The ROAR of WINDOWS and WALLS BUCKLING is indescribable in the old tile halls.

The concussion throws Papa against the far wall.

Then it subsides. Plaster and smoke fill the hallway. There is a hall where the door used to be. The outside wall of the classroom is no longer there. The winking street lights can be SEEN through the gaping opening. There is no more classroom. No more Mason.

410 DOTTY

410

has heard the concussion. Some place, a FIRE ALARM is RINGING.' This has all been terrifying to her. Traumatic. It shows. When Papa comes running into the gym towards her Dotty shuts her eyes. Thank God.

411 PAPA AND DOTTY

411

He takes the gag out of her mouth. She takes a big gulp of air.

DOTTY

Oh! Thank God.

PAPA

You all right?

She nods. Papa gets behind her, starts untying her ropes.

PAPA

Everything's okay.

Dotty moans as she's hit by a sharp pain.

PAPA

What? What is it?

DOTTY

The baby...

CUT TO:

412 OMITTED
thru
416

412
thru
416

417 EXT. SCHOOL - LOW ANGLE - NIGHT

417

as the yellow Chevy lays rubber in ribbons on the front walk.

418 INT. CHEVY

418

Driving fast and badly, Papa is frozen behind the wheel, hands clenched, eyes terrified. Dotty is hanging onto her door with one hand, his shoulder with the other, her body arching off the seat. She screams.

PAPA

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus --

He slams his left hand on the horn of the car, holds it there.

419 EXT. STREETS

419

as the Chevy careens through the run-down residential streets, HORN BLARING.

*

420 EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - NIGHT

420

The Chevy comes wheeling around a corner into a trafficked street. Screeches to a halt. Then HORN BLARING anew, leaps forward through a non-existent spot.

421 HIGH ANGLE

421

Papa's solution to the heavy traffic is to go from one left turn lane to the next, barrelling down the center of the street, hoping that nobody wants to turn. HORN BLARING. Speeding up.

422 TIGHT SHOT - A BATTERED TOYOTA

422

starts to pull into a left turn lane. The Chevy misses it by a glance. The girl driving it faints.

423 INT. CHEVY

423

Dotty, drenched in sweat, her arms around her belly, panting, her eyes glazed with pain, remote, little animal sounds as she expels each breath. HORN.

(CONTINUED)

423 CONTINUED:

423

PAPA
(yelling to be heard)
Goddammit! Wha! Blow! Wha! Wha!
Wha! Dotty, goddammit --

She arches with a contraction, pushing. Papa floors the accelerator. HORN.

PAPA
(yelling)
Relax through the pain! Blow!

DOTTY
It's coming!

PAPA
' Hold it back!

424 OMITTED
&
425

424
&
425

426 MOVING SHOT

426

At the last possible moment, he swerves, barely avoiding a truck.

427 INT. CHEVY

427

Dotty, shivering, her eyes liquid with pain.
HORN. Speed.

*

PAPA
We're almost there!

DOTTY
It's too late.

PAPA
It's not! This is your coach!
Relax!

428 WIDE

428

The Chevy blasts the wrong way up a one-way street, then wheels into the circular drive in front of a downtown hospital.

(CONTINUED)

428 CONTINUED:

428

PAPA'S VOICE

Wha! Wha! Blow! Dotty! Jesus!

429 TIGHT

429

Papa leaps out, completely bananas, races toward the entrance, then back to the car --

PAPA

Turn sideways! Lie down!

*

Papa pulls her around so her head is in the driver's seat. She checks her watch, blowing, then pushing, sweating profusely, in pain but in control. Papa is the one who is hysterical.

430 FULL

430

Papa races up the walk, bowling people over (Sorry, excuse me) and disappears in the hospital. A couple of people peer in the car. - Then more. A small crowd.

431 INT. HOSPITAL

431

Papa explodes into the silence and calmness, skids, looking frantically around, zeroes in on the information desk where a sixty-year-old VOLUNTEER is sorting file cards.

432 TIGHT

432

Papa raises his fists and whangs them down hard on the top of the information desk. Everything jumps a foot. The old lady's glasses fly off.

PAPA

Quick! She's having a baby!

The Volunteer finds her glasses, then shoves a card across the desk in outrage and irritation.

VOLUNTEER

You'll have to fill out this card before --

Papa grabs a handful of her file cards and throws them into the air.

(CONTINUED)

432 CONTINUED:

432

PAPA
Fuck your cards! Help me!

APPLAUSE and CHEERS from outside.

433 PAPA

433

turns, stunned, races out.

434 EXT. ENTRANCE

434

Papa leaps through the crowd.

435 AT CHEVY

435

In the front seat a tiny wet baby is squalling in
Dotty's arms.

*

*

436 PAPA

436

*

He edges in next to them. Dotty's arms lace around his
neck. Papa takes the screaming little worm in his
hands, then gently, kisses the stray toe.

*

*

*

FADE OUT.

THE END